

10¢



DECEMBER

Formerly SURE-FIRE COMICS

LIGHTNING

COMICS

With a death-defying swing across the Terror Hatch
Lightning smashed into the Pirates.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

'FLASH' LIGHTNING

IN MYSTIC EGYPT THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIDS BESTOWED UPON FLASH LIGHTNING ALL THE SPEED, STRENGTH AND POWER OF LIGHTNING WITH WHICH TO GO OUT IN THE WORLD AND FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE AND RIGHT



THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIDS CALLS ON LIGHTNING-

A MURDEROUS GANG OF RIVER PIRATES ARE TERRORIZING THE WATERFRONT, ROBBING WAREHOUSES AND KILLING WATCHMEN. THEY MUST BE STOPPED, FLASH LIGHTNING-

I'LL GO TO WORK ON THEM, SIRE



IN A FEW SECONDS I'LL BE AT THE WATERFRONT



SOME KIND OF TROUBLE OVER THERE

I TELL YOU, MEN, NOW'S THE TIME TO CRACK DOWN AND WIN OUR DEMANDS

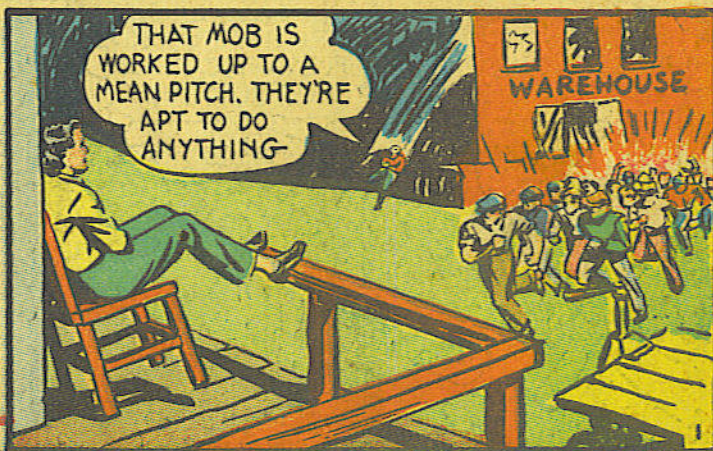


WAREHOUSE WATCHMEN STRIKING!... WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING NOW

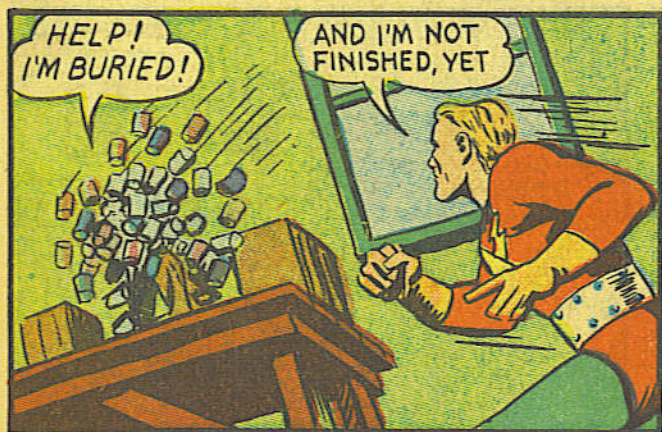
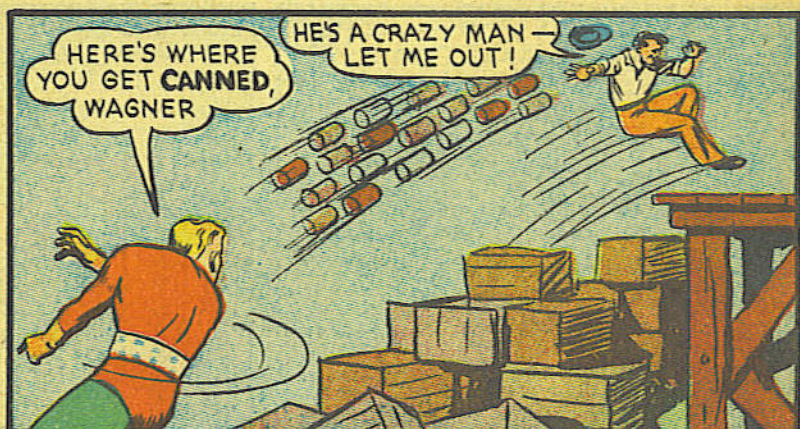
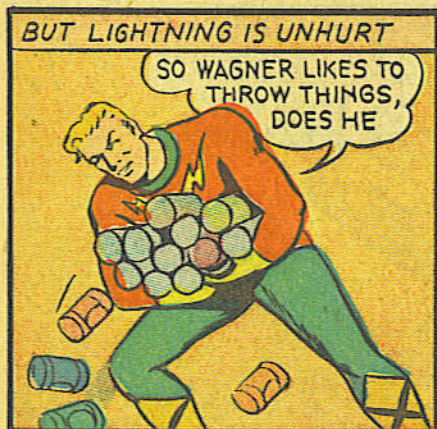
'ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S GO GET THE TRAITOR



THAT MOB IS WORKED UP TO A MEAN PITCH. THEY'RE APT TO DO ANYTHING-







WHY DON'T YOU MEN CALL A MEETING TONIGHT AND HAVE THE WAREHOUSE OWNERS THERE AND SETTLE THIS BUSINESS IN A PEACEFUL MANNER?

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. WE MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO LISTEN TO WAGNER.



C'MON GANG, LET'S REPAIR SOME OF THE DAMAGE

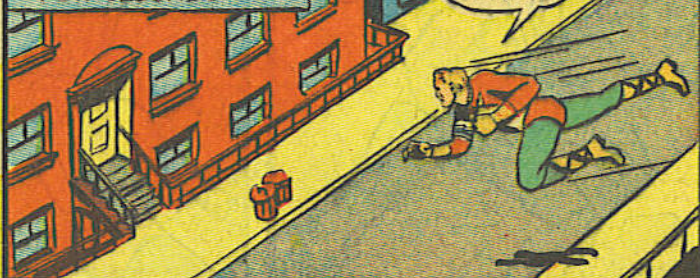


MARY LEE HAS GONE. I'LL GO TO HER HOME AND TALK TO HER FATHER.



LIGHTNING LEARNS MARY LEE'S ADDRESS FROM ONE OF THE WATCHMEN AND REACHES THERE IN A FEW SECONDS

I HAVE AN IDEA THERE'S MORE TO THIS BUSINESS THAN JUST A WATCHMEN'S STRIKE



I'M FLASH LIGHTNING, SIR, AND I'M LOOKING FOR MISS MARY LEE

I'M HER FATHER. MARY'S AT WORK NOW



THERE WAS SOME TROUBLE DOWN AT THE WAREHOUSE AND MARY LEFT. I THOUGHT SHE HAD COME HOME

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MARY, LIGHTNING. THE NIGHT I WAS SHOT I RECOGNIZED THE LEADER OF THE RIVER PIRATES AS "CATS" ROMELT, A FORMER DOCK STEVADORE WHO WAS FIRED FOR THEFTS



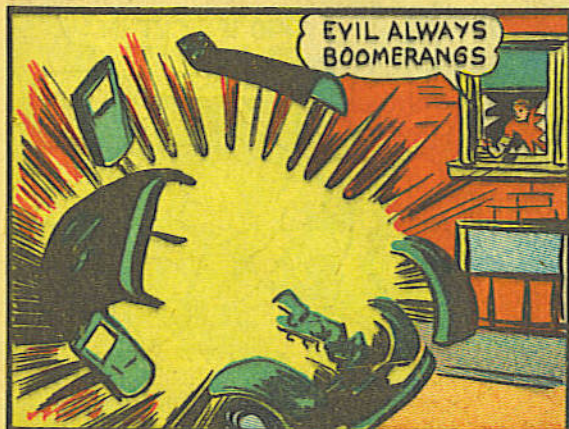
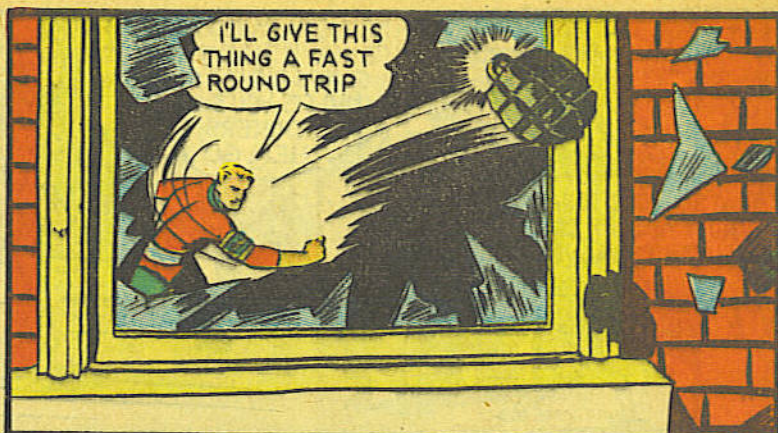
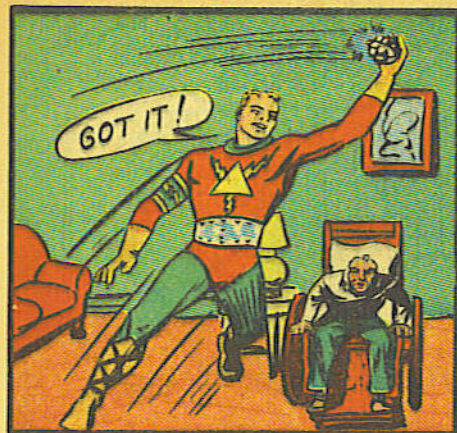
ROMELT HATES WAREHOUSE OWNERS, COPS AND WATCHMEN. IF HE SUSPECTS I RECOGNIZED HIM MY LIFE OR MARY'S WON'T BE WORTH A PENNY

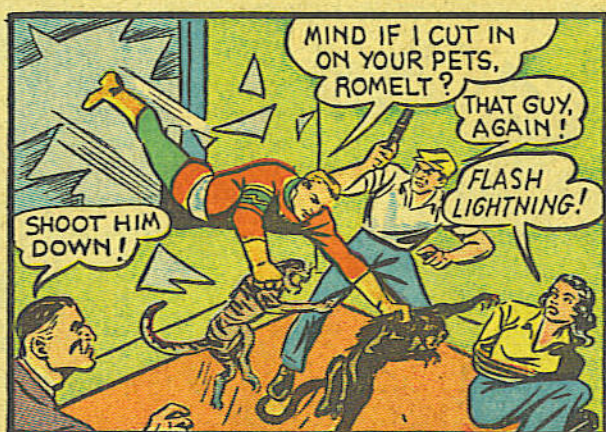


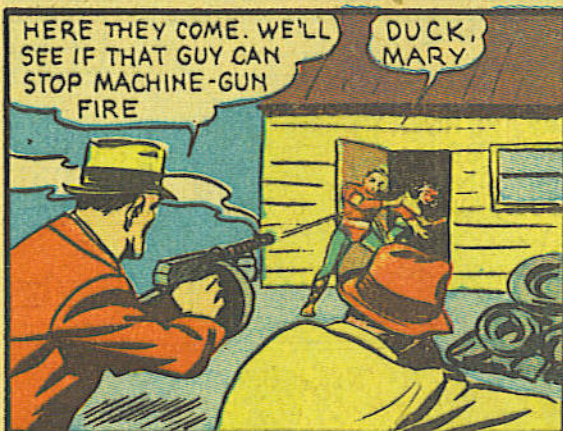
I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN ROMELT AND WAGNER WHO WAS LEADING THE —



LIGHTNING! A BOMB, LOOK OUT!

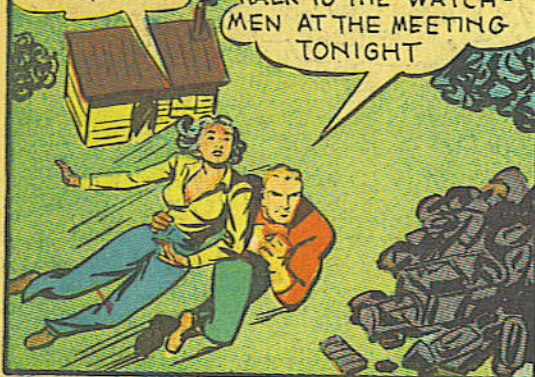






WHERE ARE WE GOING, NOW?

TO GET YOUR DAD TO TALK TO THE WATCHMEN AT THE MEETING TONIGHT



THE OTHER WATCHMEN RESPECT AND ADMIRE YOU, MR. LEE. WHEN YOU TELL THEM THAT THEY'RE BEING USED AS CATSPAWS FOR THE RIVER PIRATES, THEY'LL LISTEN AND COME TO THEIR SENSES

WE'LL TELL 'EM, MARY— WON'T WE?

YOU BET, DAD



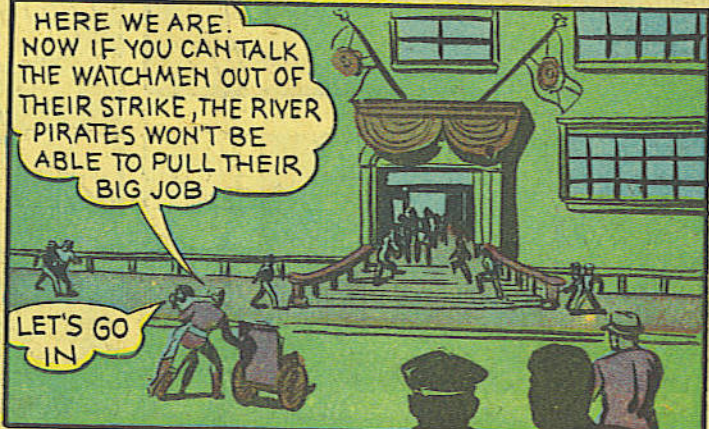
I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU DROPPED US, LIGHTNING

HE WON'T, DAD. YOU DON'T KNOW LIGHTNING



HERE WE ARE. NOW IF YOU CAN TALK THE WATCHMEN OUT OF THEIR STRIKE, THE RIVER PIRATES WON'T BE ABLE TO PULL THEIR BIG JOB

LET'S GO IN



YOU HAVE A SPECIAL SPEAKER TONIGHT, MEN. HE'S GOING TO SET YOU STRAIGHT ON SOME THINGS

WHY, IT'S OLD TOM LEE



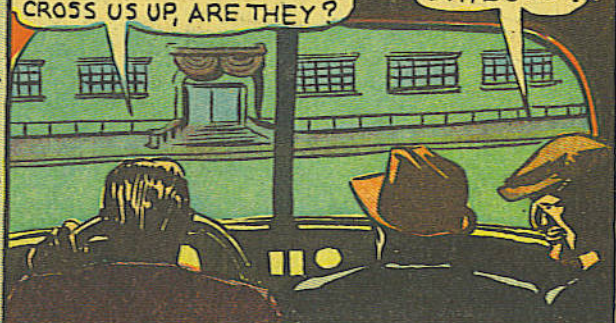
— SO YOU SEE, MEN, THE STRIKE IS PART OF A PLAN BY THE RIVER PIRATES TO CLEAN OUT THE WAREHOUSES. ARE YOU GOING TO BE THE PAWNS OF THEIVING-CUTTHROATS?

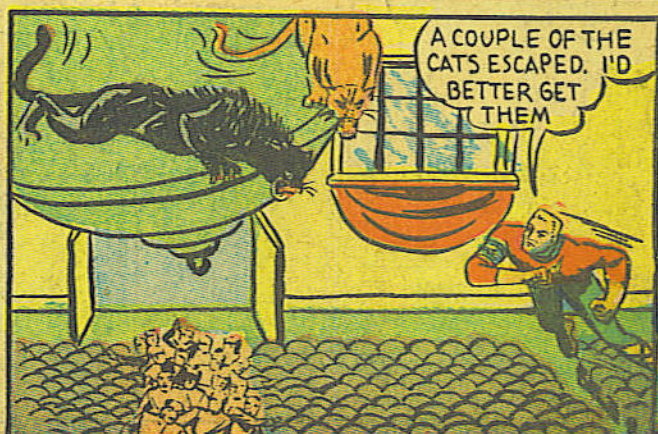
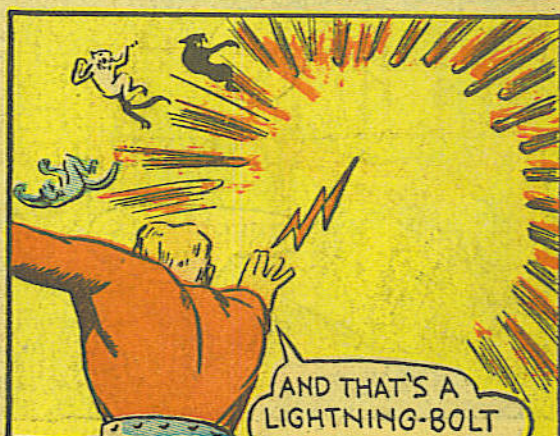
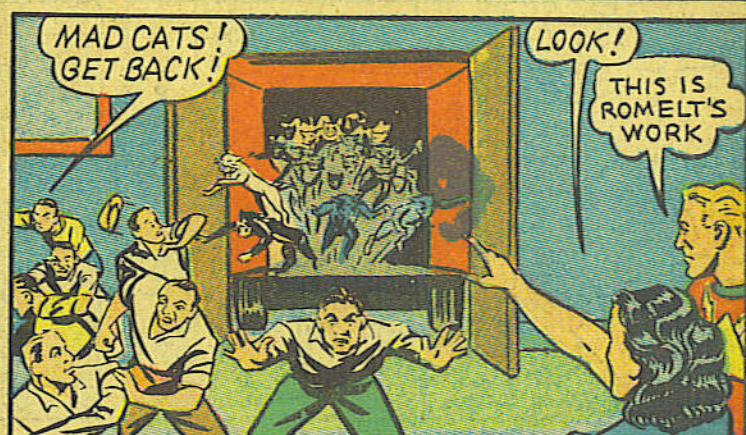
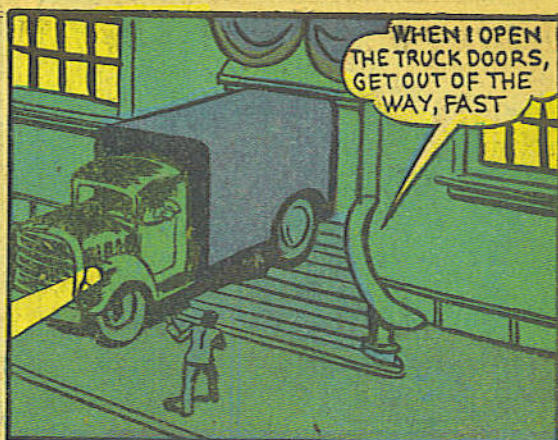
NO! NO! BACK TO OUR JOBS. HURRAY FOR TOM LEE!

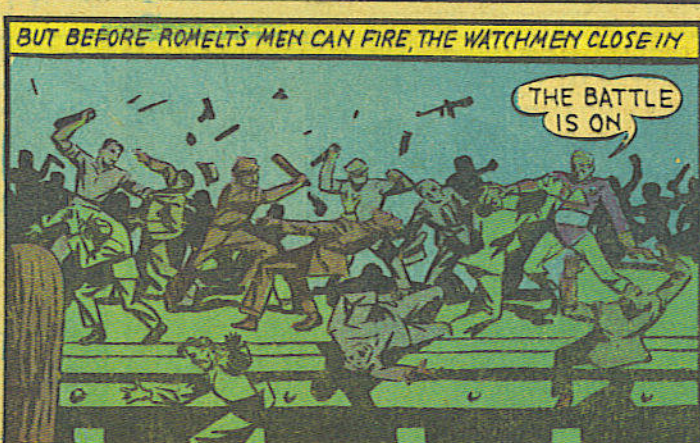
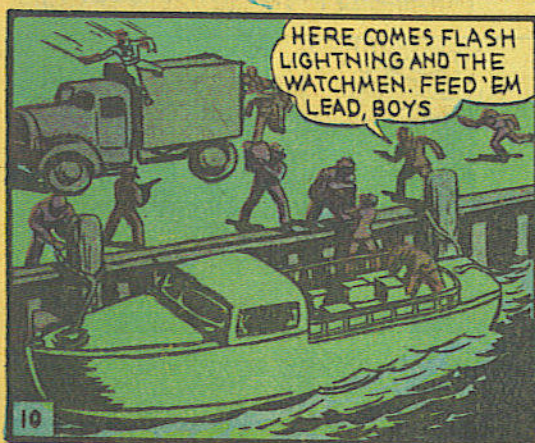
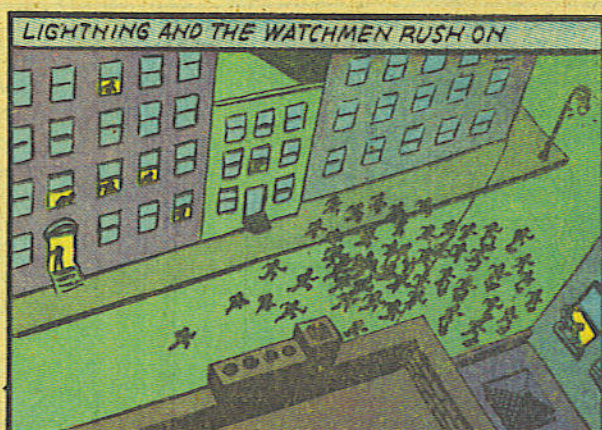
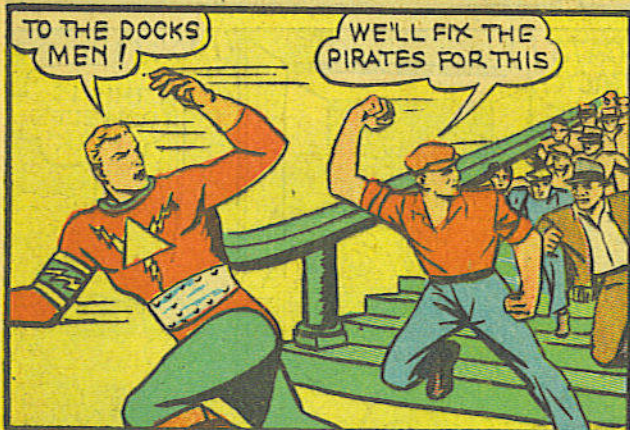
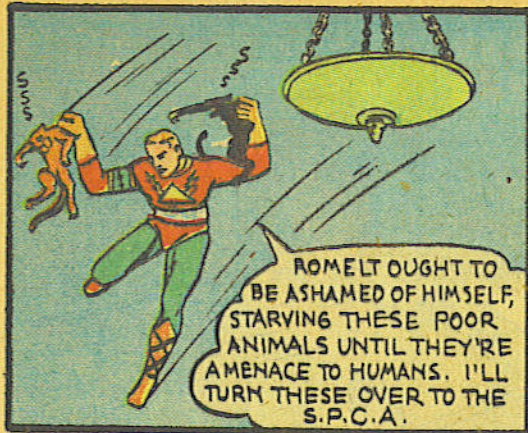
BUT AT THAT MOMENT OUTSIDE THE MEETING HALL

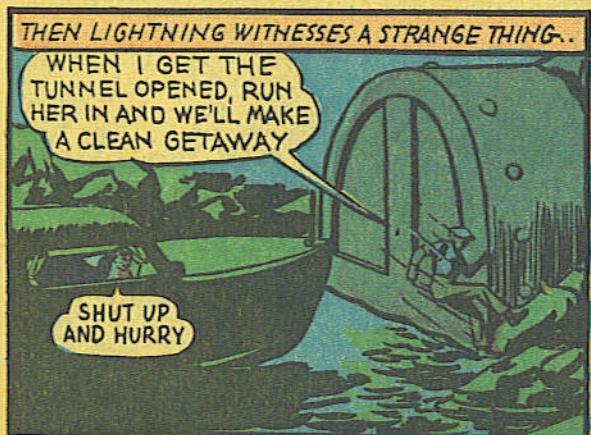
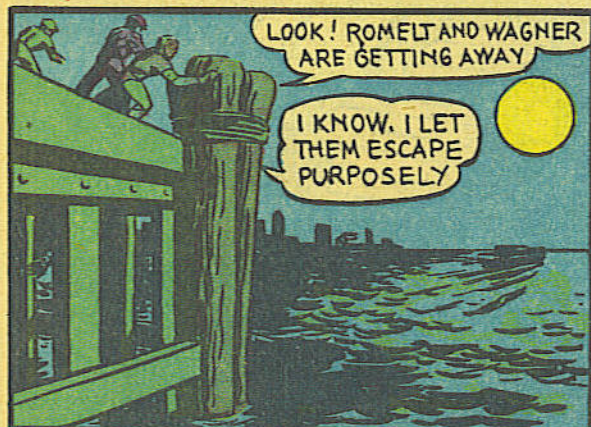
I'M GLAD I INSTALLED A DICTOGRAPH IN THE MEETING HALL. SO THEY'RE GOMINA CROSS US UP, ARE THEY?

THEY DON'T KNOW CATS ROMELT, EH, BOSS?



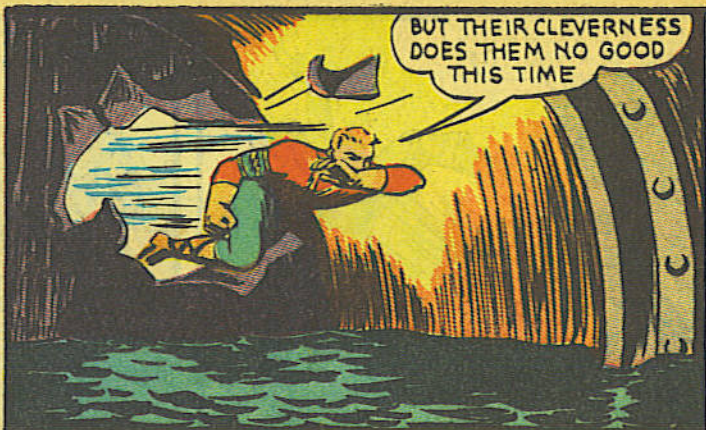








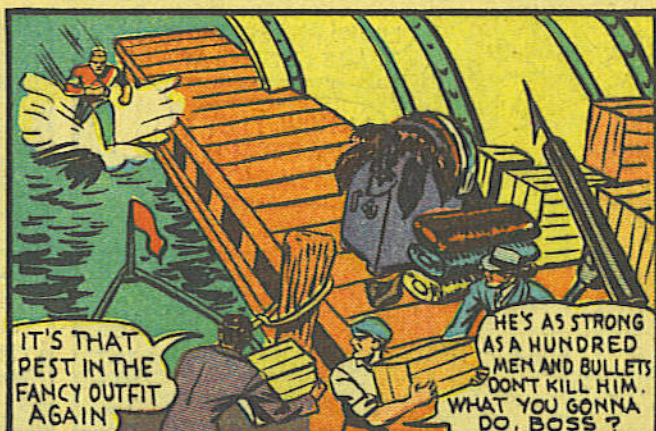
THEN THEY COVER THE TUNNEL AGAIN AND NO ONE WOULD THINK OF LOOKING IN A SEWER TUNNEL FOR THEM. PRETTY CLEVER



BUT THEIR CLEVERNESS DOES THEM NO GOOD THIS TIME

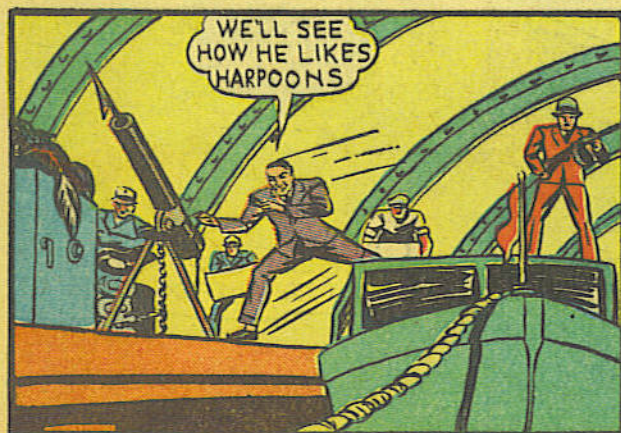


I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT THESE RIVER RATS WOULD HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN A SEWER

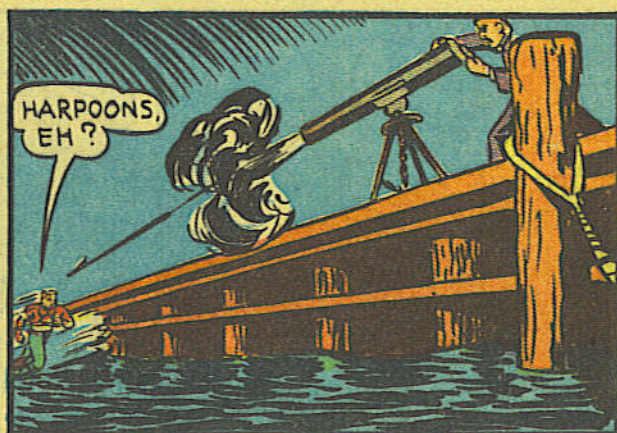


IT'S THAT PEST IN THE FANCY OUTFIT AGAIN

HE'S AS STRONG AS A HUNDRED MEN AND BULLETS DON'T KILL HIM. WHAT YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?



WE'LL SEE HOW HE LIKES HARPOONS



HARPOONS, EH?

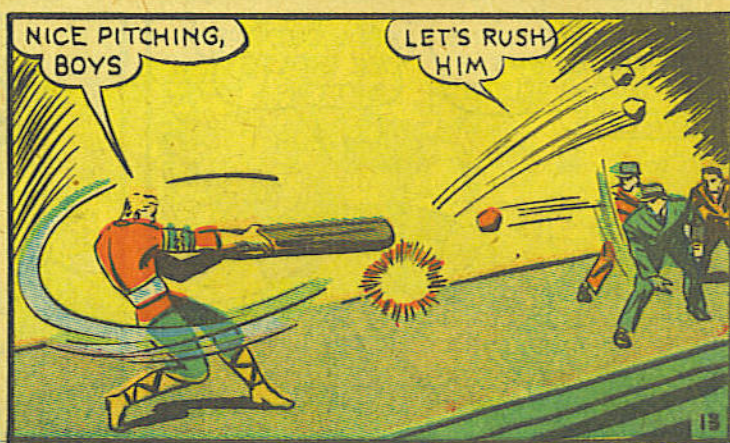
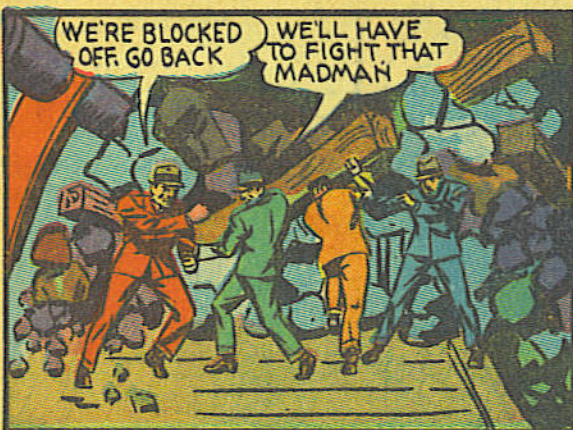
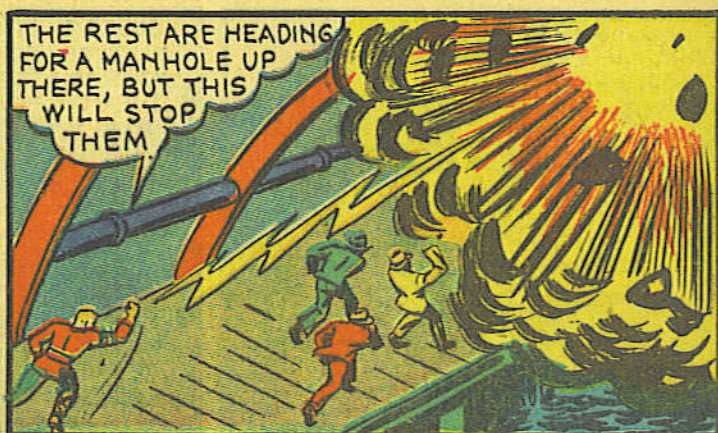
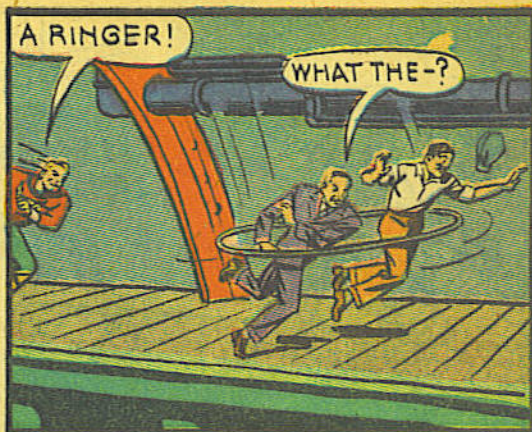
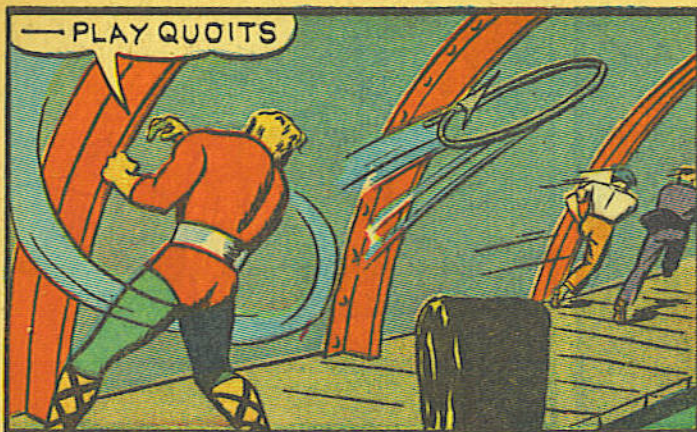


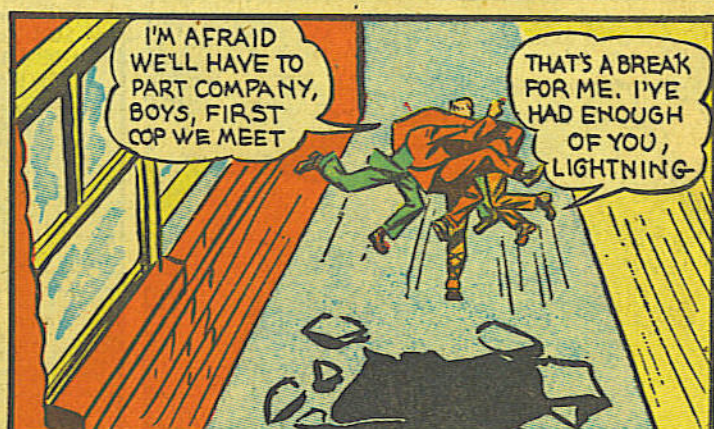
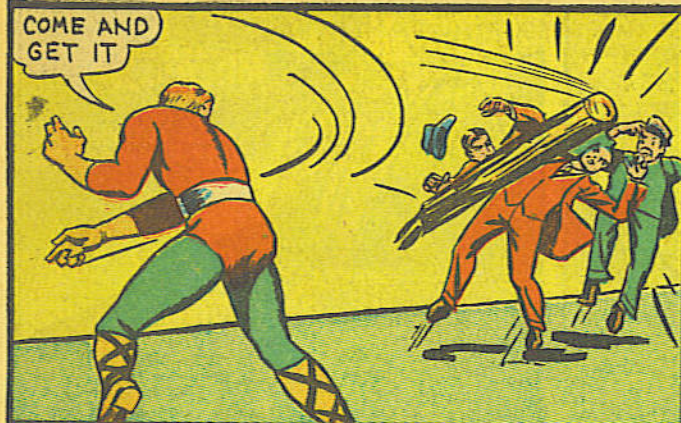
A SIDE-STEP, A FAST CATCH AND NOW FOR SOME FUN

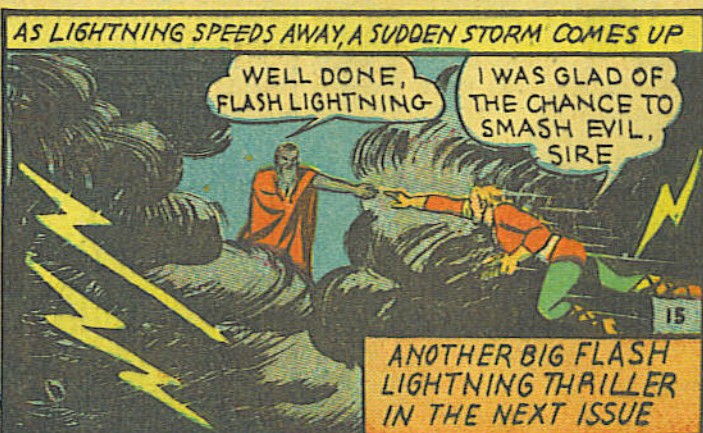
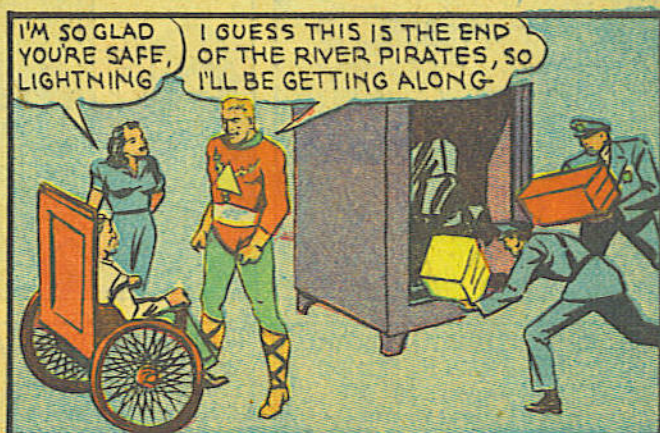
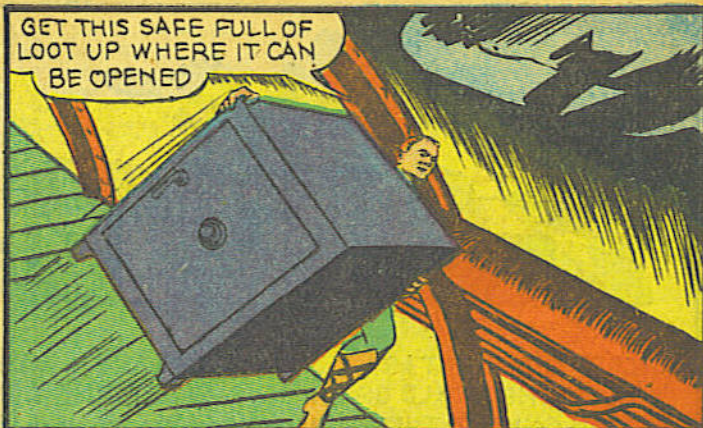


HE MUST BE MADE OF IRON. NO USE FIGHTING THAT GUY. LET'S RUN FOR IT

I'LL BEND THIS INTO A CIRCLE, AND THEN —







"the" Raven

SECRET AND SILENT AS A SHADOW, THE RAVEN WAGES WAR ON THE WORLD OF CRIME, AND RETURNS THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS TO THE POOR AND NEEDY. NONE BUT LOLA LASH, DAUGHTER OF THE POLICE CHIEF, KNOW THAT THE RAVEN IS HER FIANCEE, DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN. AS THE STORY OPENS, LOLA LASH IS ACTING IN AMATEUR THEATRICALS, BEING PRODUCED BY JACK TULSA, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY...



LOLA LASH GIVES DETECTIVE DARTIN STARTLING NEWS

THE PROCEEDS OF OUR SHOW ARE SUPPOSED TO GO TO CHARITY, DANNY, AND I ACCIDENTLY DISCOVERED THAT JACK TULSA IS POCKETING MORE THAN HALF FOR HIMSELF

THE RAVEN SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THAT, THANKS, LOLA



THAT NIGHT IN TULSA'S THEATRE OFFICE...

THE SOCIETY CHUMPS ARE SURE FALLING FOR THIS CHARITY SHOW STUFF. A THOUSAND TICKETS SOLD TONIGHT AT FIFTY DOLLARS EACH



THAT MAKES MY SHARE \$25,000. --HEY! WHO'S--?

IT WAS YOUR SHARE, TULSA



THIS MONEY REALLY IS GOING TO CHARITY

YOU CAN'T DO THIS, RAVEN, I'LL BE ACCUSED OF STEALING THE MONEY



HOW UNJUST, TULSA. WE'LL FIX THAT. YOU'RE A WEALTHY MAN. YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE OUT A PERSONAL CHECK TO THE CHARITY FOR \$25,000.

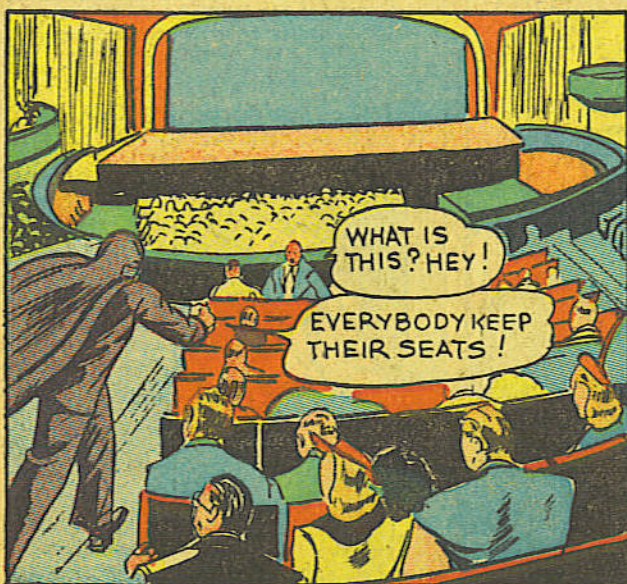
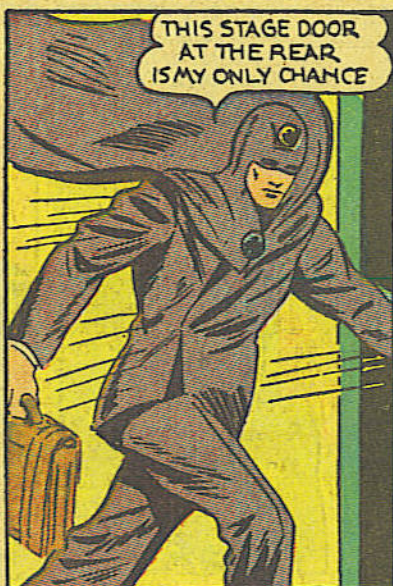
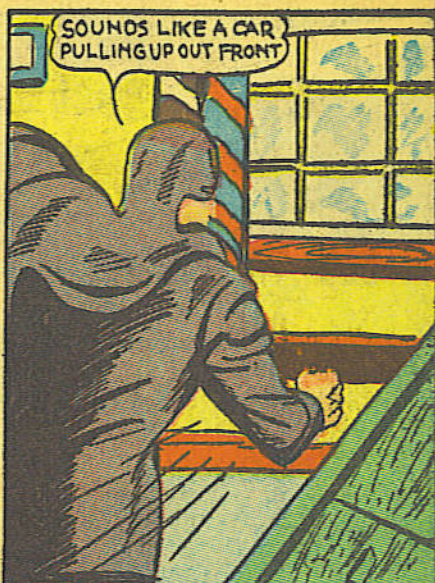
BUT -- BUT- YOU DONT UNDERSTAND. I'M REALLY BROKE. I CAN'T, AND

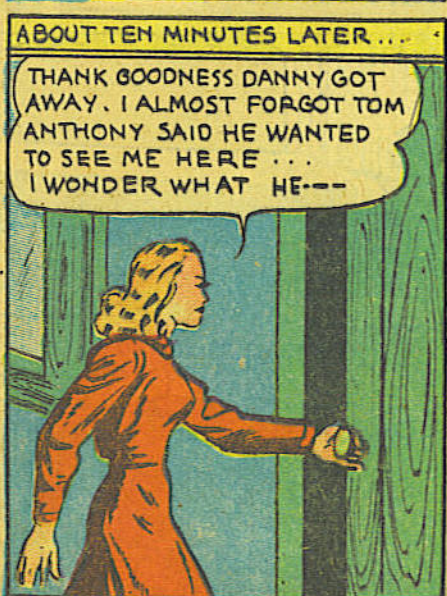


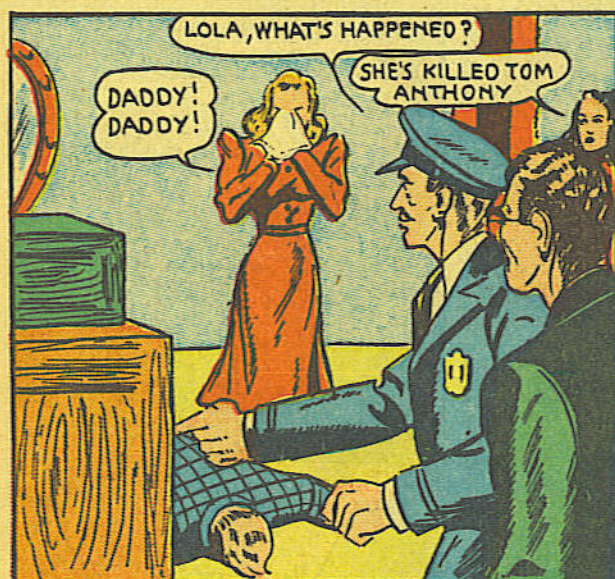
FURTHERMORE I REFUSE

DON'T TRY AND --





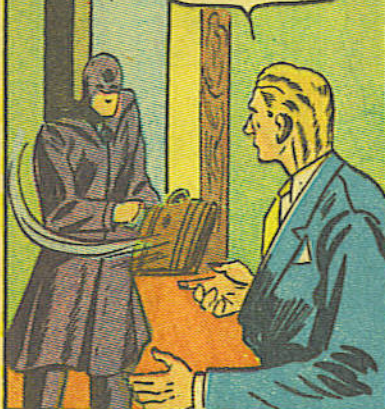




MEANWHILE, AT THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE RAVEN

HERE'S \$25,000 TO GIVE TO THE POOR

SWELL, BOSS



YOU OUGHT TO QUIT THIS RAVEN BUSINESS BEFORE YOU GET INTO HOT WATER, BOSS

STOP WORRYING ABOUT ME AND TURN ON THE SHORT WAVE



ATTENTION, DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN - REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE --- ATTENTION

I'LL GO DOWN -! WHILE YOU DIS-TRIBUTE THE LOOT



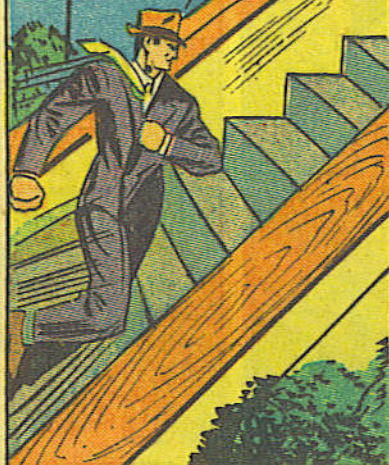
AS DANNY HEADS FOR THE POLICE STATION . . .

HERE'S A FLASH NEWS BULLETIN - TONIGHT POLICE CHIEF LASH OF THIS CITY ARRESTED HIS OWN DAUGHTER, LOLA, ON SUSPICION OF MURDERING THE SOCIETY GAMBLER, TOM ANTHONY . . .

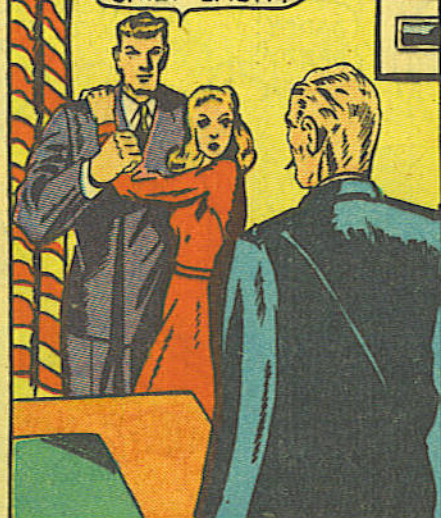
THAT CAN'T BE!



LOLA A MURDERESS! THE CHIEF MUST BE MAD



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, CHIEF LASH?



AFTER CHIEF LASH EXPLAINS TO DANNY . . .

BUT YOU MUST KNOW SOMETHING MORE, LOLA. ANTHONY WAS KILLED IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM, WITH YOUR NAIL FILE. IT'S TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE!

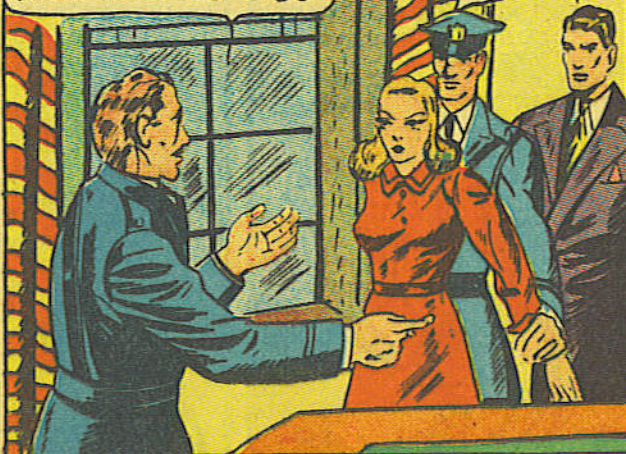
I CAN'T HELP IT. I DIDN'T KILL ANTHONY. LOLA'S WORD SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR YOU



AS A FATHER, YES, DANNY, BUT NOT AS A COP, IT'S MY DUTY TO LOCK YOU UP, LOLA, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO

COME ALONG, MISS LASH

BUT -- BUT



THERE'S A CHANCE THE RAVEN KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, DANNY, GO AFTER HIM

YES, SIR



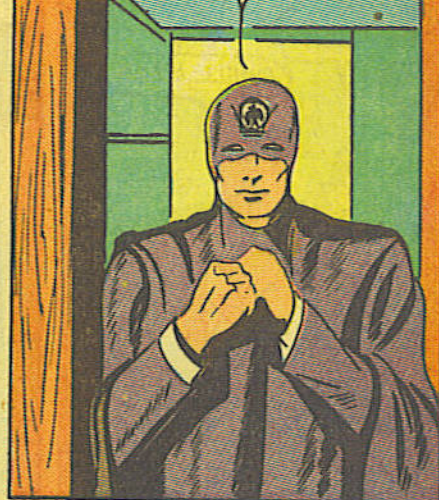
OUT IN THE HALL . . .

(WHAT THE RAVEN DOESN'T KNOW HE IS GOING TO FIND OUT

CLOSET



(I MUST STOP THEM FROM PUTTING LOLA INTO A CELL



A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .

I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT—



IT'S THE RAVEN, UGH!

OH, DANNY, WHY DO YOU TAKE SUCH RISKS?



WAS—WAS THAT A HURRICANE THAT HIT US?

NO, JUST THE RAVEN



THIS WILL THROW THEM OFF AND I HAVE MY CAR PARKED AT THE OTHER END

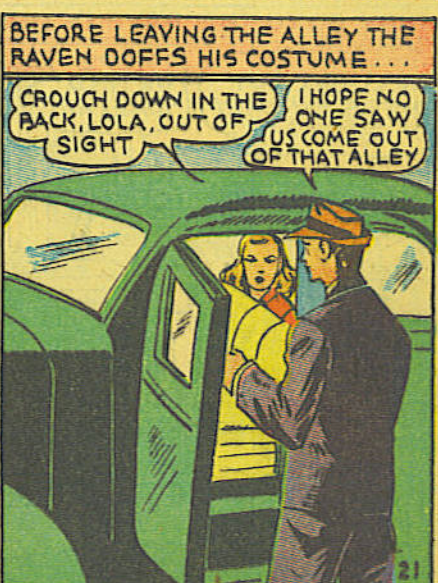
HURRY DANNY



BEFORE LEAVING THE ALLEY THE RAVEN DOFFS HIS COSTUME . . .

CROUCH DOWN IN THE BACK, LOLA, OUT OF SIGHT

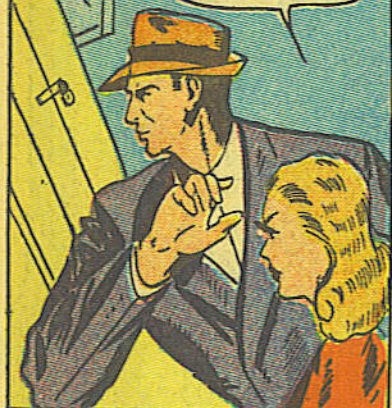
I HOPE NO ONE SAW US COME OUT OF THAT ALLEY



AFTER A SHORT RIDE ...

THIS IS THE SECRET ENTRANCE
TO THE RAVEN'S HIDEOUT

WHAT THEN?



WAIT UNTIL I CUT INTO SHORT
WAVE AND HEAR WHAT'S BEING
DONE ABOUT YOUR ESCAPE



-- CALLING ALL CARS -- SPECIAL
ORDERS FROM CHIEF LASH --
LOLA LASH, MURDER SUSPECT,
ESCAPED WITH AID OF THE
RAVEN -- BRING THEM IN AT
ALL COSTS -- WATCH ALL --



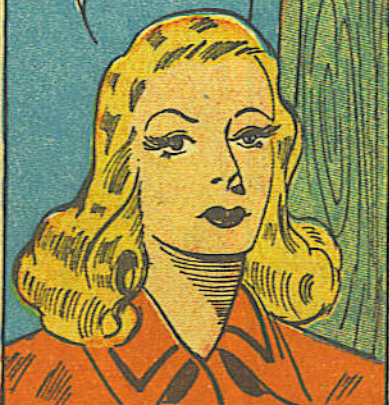
TURN IT
OFF
DANNY

WE MUST GET RIGHT TO
WORK, LOLA, I BELIEVE THAT
YOU DIDN'T KILL ANTHONY.
HAVE YOU ANY CLUE AS
TO WHO THE KILLER MIGHT
BE?

EVERYBODY
HATED HIM.



HE AND JACK TULSA HAVE
BEEN ARGUING A LOT OF
LATE. THEY ALMOST CAME
TO BLOWS ONE TIME



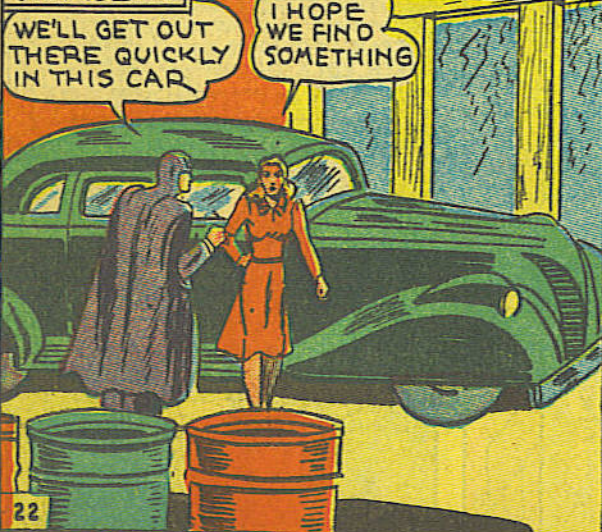
IT'S WORTH LOOKING
INTO. WE'LL PAY TULSA
A VISIT



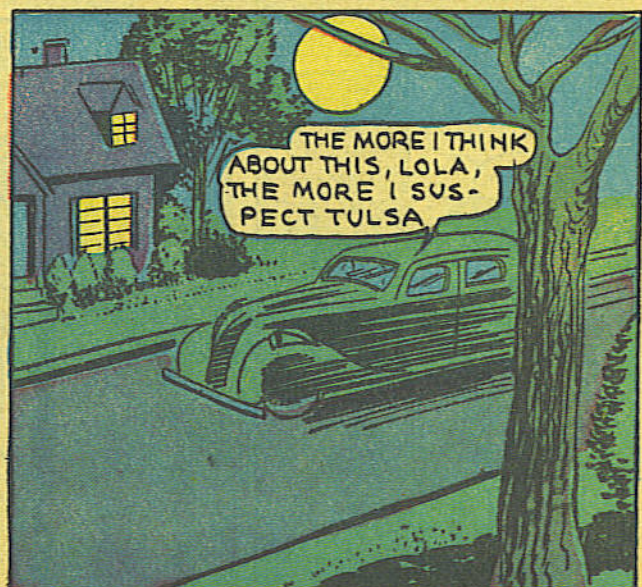
THEY GO TO THE RAVEN'S HIDDEN
GARAGE...

WE'LL GET OUT
THERE QUICKLY
IN THIS CAR

I HOPE
WE FIND
SOMETHING



THE MORE I THINK
ABOUT THIS, LOLA,
THE MORE I SUS-
PECT TULSA.



I'LL GO IN AND HAVE A TALK WITH TULSA WHILE YOU WAIT IN THE CAR. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, TAKE THE CAR AND GO BACK TO THE HIDE-AWAY

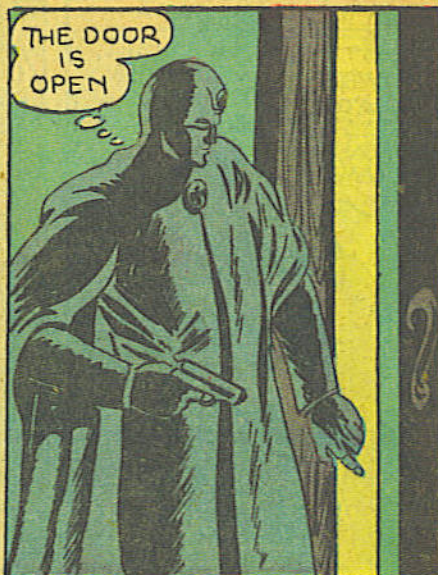
OKAY, DANNY



PLEASE BE CAREFUL



THE DOOR IS OPEN



HELP ME
OOOHH!

WHAT
HAPPENED?



WHERE'S YOUR BOSS?
WHERE'S
TULSA?

I'M AFRAID TO THINK
ABOUT THAT. SOME-
ONE STEPPED
OUT OF A CLOSET
AND HIT ME
OVER THE
HEAD. THEY
MUST'VE
BEEN AFTER
MR. TULSA



DIDN'T YOU GET
A LOOK AT THE
ONES WHO HIT
YOU?

NO, I --
WAIT UNTIL
I ANSWER
THE PHONE



I'LL ANSWER
THAT

Y-YES, SIR,
MR.
RAVEN



TULSA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED.
GET FIFTY GRAND FROM HIS
DAUGHTER'S TRUST FUND AND
BRING IT TO THE GATEMAN'S
COTTAGE ON THE SUMMER
ESTATE. HAVE IT THERE
3 HOURS FROM NOW

AFTER THE KIDNAPPER HANGS UP...

OPERATOR, OPERATOR, I WANT TO TRACE THAT CALL THAT JUST CAME IN

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE'S NO RECORD OF A CALL COMING INTO YOUR NUMBER FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS

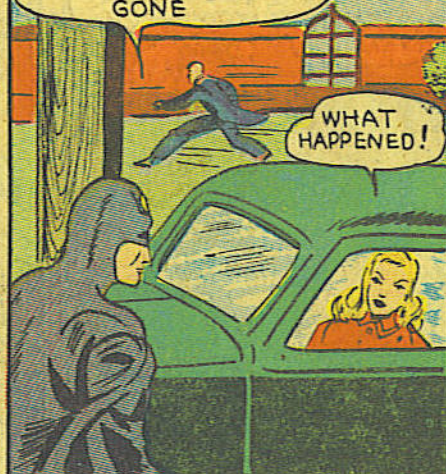


THEN THE RAVEN TELLS THE BUTLER THE RANSOM DEMANDS

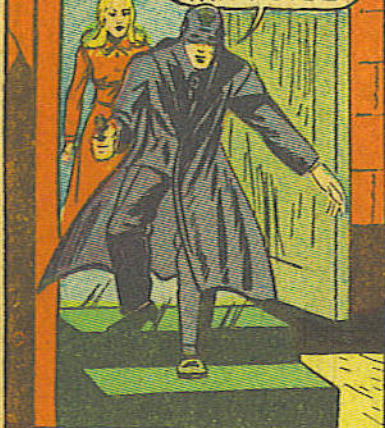
I-I'D BETTER GET RIGHT DOWN TO THE BANK AND SEE ABOUT GETTING THE MONEY BEFORE THEY—THEY KILL MR. TULSA



C'MON, LOLA, WE HAVE THE HOUSE TO OURSELVES, NOW THE BUTLER IS GONE



SOME PHONEY KIND OF KID-NAPPING. BUT THE PHONE CALL FOR RANSOM CAME FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE SOMEWHERE. THERE'S A SECRET ROOM IN THIS HOUSE



LOOK, LOLA. THE METER IS REGISTERING, YET THERE'S NO ONE IN THE HOUSE BURNING LIGHTS OR USING APPLIANCES

THAT PROVES THERE'S A HIDDEN ROOM



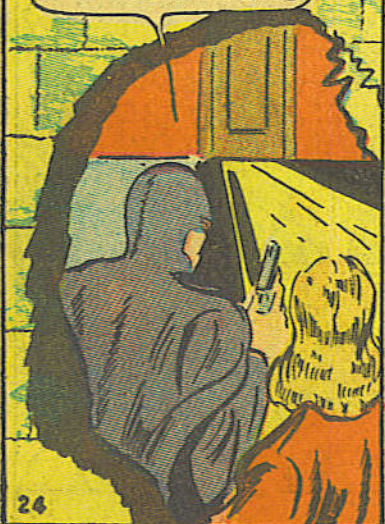
AFTER A SHORT SEARCH OF THE CELLAR...

THIS IS IT!

A TUNNEL BEHIND THE STONES

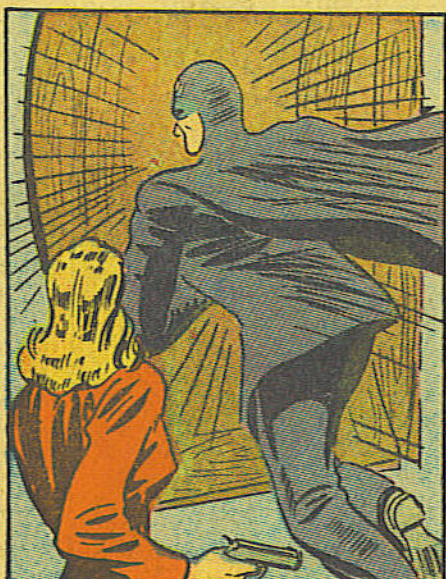


THAT'S THE HIDEOUT AT THE OTHER END



TAKE MY GUN, LOLA, AND FOLLOW CLOSE. I'M CRASHING IN

I'M WITH YOU, DANNY!



THE PAPER MUST BE
SOME KIND OF EVIDENCE

THE RAVEN
AGAIN!



THIS WINDS
THINGS UP FOR
YOU, TULSA



THIS PIECE OF PAPER YOU
TRIED TO BURN, TULSA, IS
YOUR I.O.U. TO TOM ANTHONY
FOR \$20,000. THERE'S A
BLOOD-STAINED FINGER-
PRINT ON IT THAT SHOULD
CONVICT YOU

WHAT ABOUT THE
FAKE KIDNAPPING?



TULSA IS BROKE, LOLA. THAT'S
WHY HE WAS STEALING THE
BENEFIT MONEY, WHY HE
COULDN'T PAY ANTHONY HIS
GAMBLING DEBT, AND HAD
TO KILL HIM. IT WAS THE
ONLY WAY HE COULD GET
ANY OF HIS DAUGHTER'S
TRUST FUND

SO HE KIDNAPPED
HIMSELF

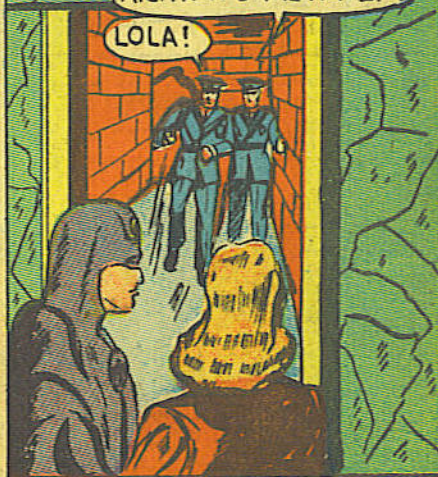
BAH!



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE FLUNKIE WAS
RIGHT. IT'S THE RAVEN!

LOLA!



SWIFTLY LOLA EXPLAINS
WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
THE RAVEN DID THIS FOR ME

I COULDN'T SEE
AN INNOCENT
GIRL
FRAMED



BUT NOW I
MUST LEAVE

HEY, STOP
HIM!



HE GOT
AWAY

YES, AND I'M -ER- GRATEFUL
TO HIM FOR GETTING YOU
OUT OF THIS JAM.
BUT I'M STILL
AFTER HIM!

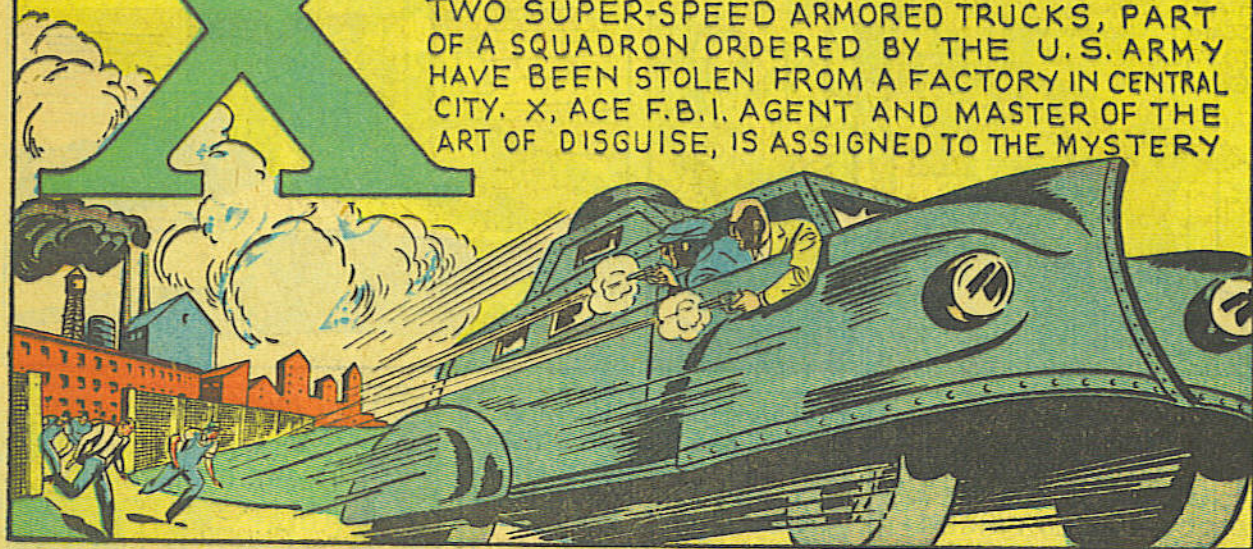


HOW MUCH LONGER WILL LOLA
AND DANNY BE ABLE TO KEEP THEIR
SECRET? HOW MUCH LONGER
CAN THE RAVEN ESCAPE THE
CLUTCHES OF BOTH GANGDOM AND
THE LAW? DON'T MISS THE NEXT
ADVENTURE OF

THE RAVEN! 25

X THE PHANTOM FED

TWO SUPER-SPEED ARMORED TRUCKS, PART OF A SQUADRON ORDERED BY THE U. S. ARMY HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM A FACTORY IN CENTRAL CITY. X, ACE F.B.I. AGENT AND MASTER OF THE ART OF DISGUISE, IS ASSIGNED TO THE MYSTERY

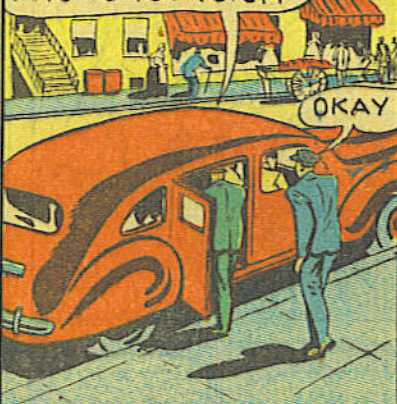


IN AN UNDERWORLD HAUNT
IN CENTRAL CITY —

HERE'S THE MONEY, YOU ALL
HAVE YOUR ORDERS. LET'S
GO



I'LL DRIVE, AND WATCH
THE CAR WHILE YOU
BOYS DO YOUR STUFF



OKAY

THERE'S
THE
POLICE
COMMISSIONER

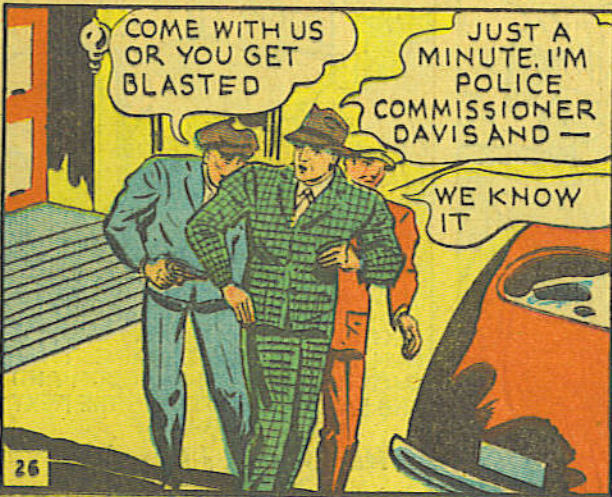
GO TO IT



COME WITH US
OR YOU GET
BLASTED

JUST A
MINUTE, I'M
POLICE
COMMISSIONER
DAVIS AND —

WE KNOW
IT



SPUTTER-
SPLUT!

NICE NEAT
JOB, MEN

WE'LL HAVE
THEM TRUSSED
LIKE A TURKEY
IN A MINUTE



THE KIDNAPPERS REACH
A HIDEOUT AT THE EDGE
OF TOWN

WHEN WE
GET HIM INSIDE,
YOU FELLOWS
MAKE YOURSELVES
SCARCE. I WANT
TO TALK TO THIS
GUY ALONE



INSIDE THE HUT—

THIS WILL ROCK HIM
TO SLEEP FOR AN
HOUR OR SO, THEN
I CAN UNTIE HIM



THE MYSTERY MAN NOW
REMOVES HIS HAT, REVEALS
HIMSELF AS X, THE PHANTOM
FED

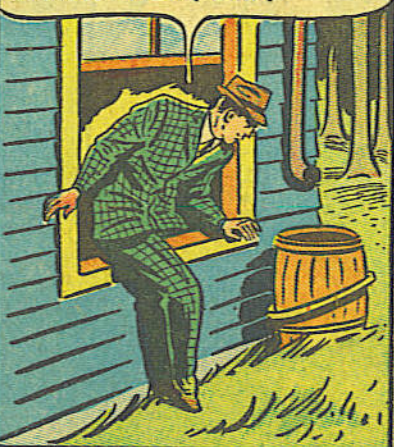
NOW TO SWAP CLOTHES
WITH THE COMMISSIONER
AND DO A LITTLE MAKEUP JOB



I HOPE I GET BY WITH THIS
IMPERSONATION



I CAN'T LET THOSE THUGS
KNOW WHAT I'M UP TO. IF I
CAN SNEAK OUT HERE AND
REACH THEIR CAR —



SOMEONE'S
STEALING
OUR
CAR

MADE
IT



X GETS SAFELY BACK TO TOWN, INSTALLS
HIMSELF IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S
OFFICE, WHEN —

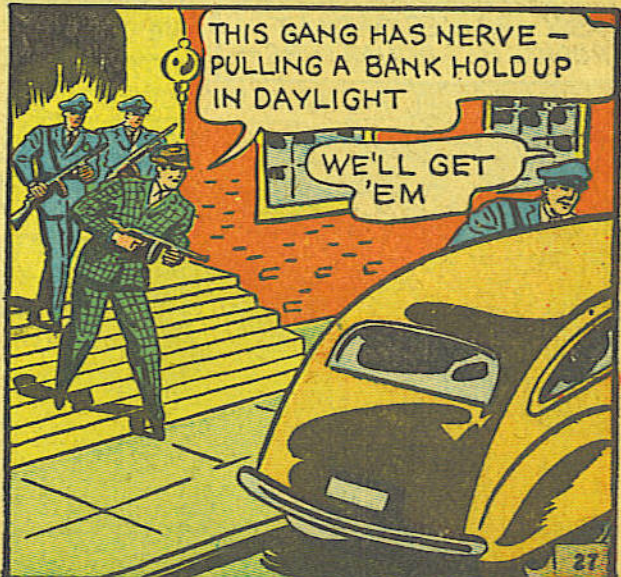
THE CITY BANK'S
BEING ROBBED!

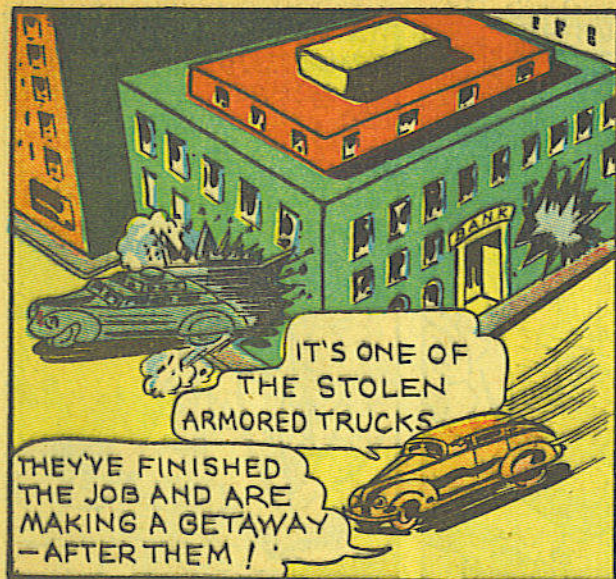
GET A SQUAD
TOGETHER.
WE'LL GO
RIGHT DOWN



THIS GANG HAS NERVE —
PULLING A BANK HOLDUP
IN DAYLIGHT

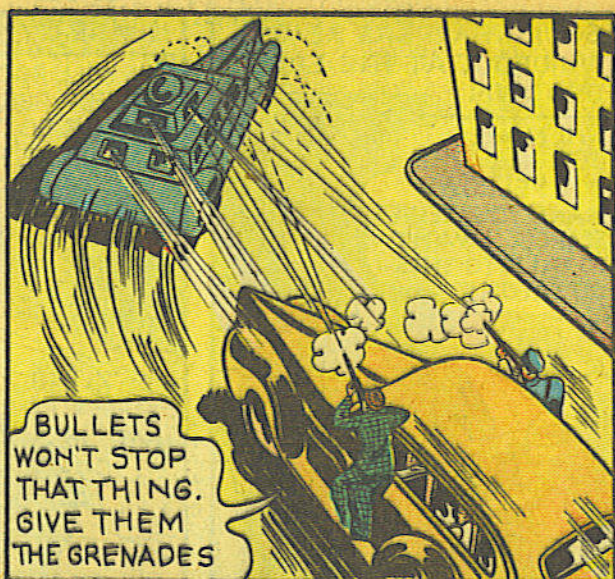
WE'LL GET
'EM



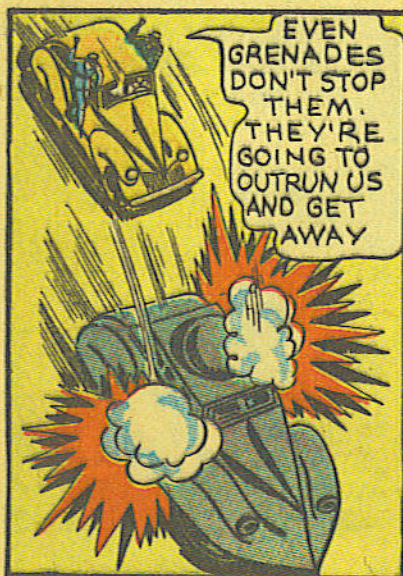


IT'S ONE OF
THE STOLEN
ARMORED TRUCKS

THEY'VE FINISHED
THE JOB AND ARE
MAKING A GETAWAY
—AFTER THEM!



BULLETS
WON'T STOP
THAT THING.
GIVE THEM
THE GRENADES



EVEN
GRENADES
DON'T STOP
THEM.
THEY'RE
GOING TO
OUTRUN US
AND GET
AWAY



I'LL CALL
THE NEXT
TOWN AND
HAVE
THEM
BLOCKADED



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS. THOSE
BANDITS WON'T GET
THROUGH THE NEXT TOWN



AS X ARRIVES BACK AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS—
GIVE US A
STATEMENT
ON THE BANK ROBBERY

THERE'S
BETTY DALE,
BUT SHE
DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE
ME



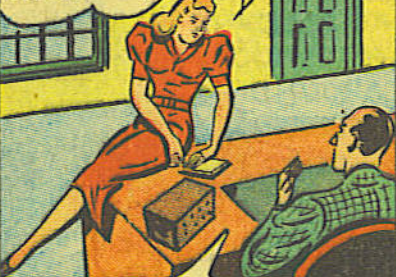
MISS DRAKE, THERE'S A GIRL
REPORTER OUTSIDE NAMED
MISS BETTY DALE.
SEND HER IN

SONICE OF
YOU TO
SEE ME,
COMMISSIONER.
MY PAPER
APPRECIATES --

THE
DISGUISE
EVEN
FOOLS YOU,
BETTY



X--THE PHANTOM FED!
WHAT--?



I'M TRYING TO CATCH THE
GANG THAT STOLE THE
ARMY'S ARMORED CARS
AND ARE USING THEM TO
ROB BANKS. THE CROOKS
WOULDN'T EXPECT A FED
TO BE WORKING FROM
THIS OFFICE

AT THAT MOMENT THE REAL
COMMISSIONER APPEARS--

THERE'S THE IMPOSTER WHO
STOLE MY CLOTHES. ARREST
HIM FOR KIDNAPPING AND
IMPERSONATING AN
OFFICER



HE ESCAPED!

DON'T TRY TO MAKE A
BREAK, BUDDY

I WOULDN'T
TRY IT, PAL



THIS SPECIAL
CIGAR WILL
FILL THIS WHOLE
ROOM WITH
SMOKE IN A
FEW SECONDS

HEY, WHAT
KIND OF
A CIGAR
IS THAT?



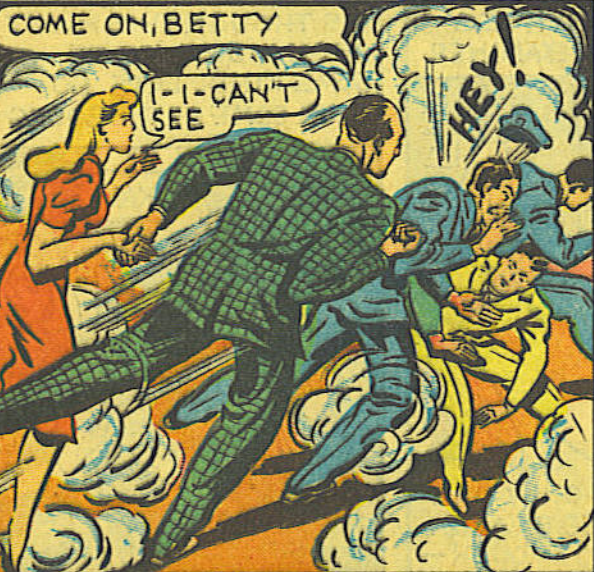
IT OUGHT TO BE CALLED
EL SMOKO



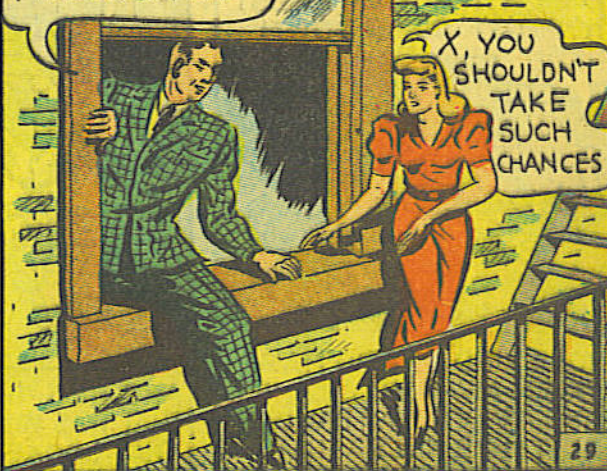
THIS IS A
TRICK! DON'T
LET HIM GET
AWAY

COME ON, BETTY

I-I-CAN'T
SEE



OUT THIS HALL WINDOW BEFORE THEY
FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THAT SMOKE-
FILLED OFFICE



X, YOU
SHOULDN'T
TAKE
SUCH
CHANCES

IN THE ALLEY, BELOW—

I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY DISGUISE, BETTY, TO THAT OF A NEWSPAPER REPORTER



THEN YOU AND I'LL GO DOWN TO THE BANK AND SHOOP AROUND

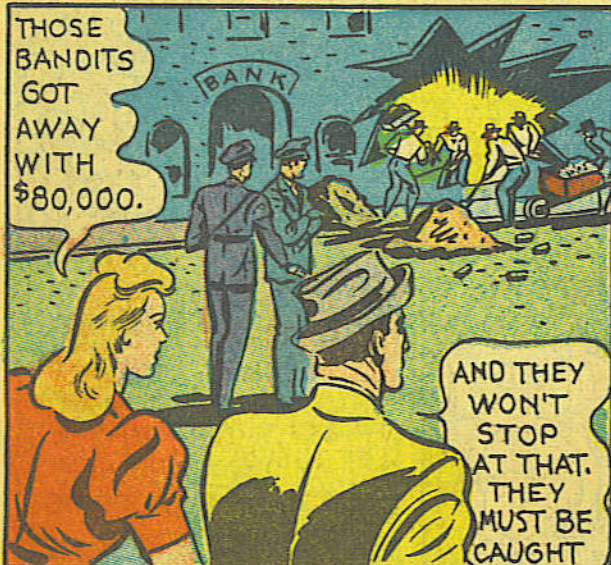


YOUR DISGUISES ARE WONDERFUL, X

A LITTLE GREASE PAINT AND PUTTY MAKES A LOT OF DIFFERENCE



THOSE BANDITS GOT AWAY WITH \$80,000.

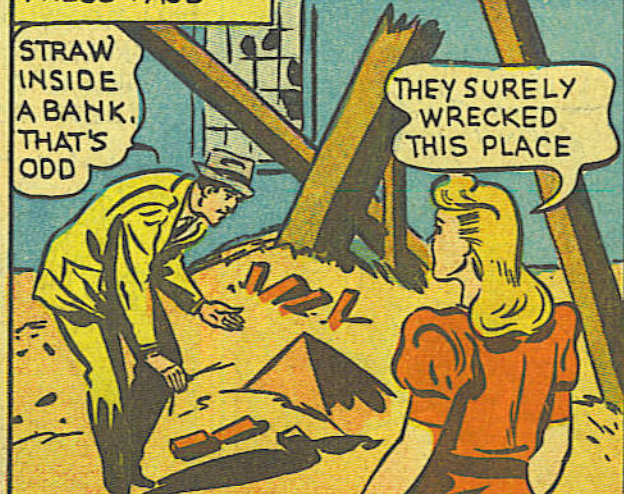


AND THEY WON'T STOP AT THAT. THEY MUST BE CAUGHT

THEY GET INTO THE BANK WITH BETTY'S PRESS PASS

STRAW INSIDE A BANK. THAT'S ODD

THEY SURELY WRECKED THIS PLACE



BETTY AND X ENTER THE VAULT

LOOK, X, THE POLICE MUST NOT HAVE COME DOWN HERE



SOME KIND OF ACID HAS EATEN AWAY HIS CLOTHES. THE ARMORED CAR BANDITS MUST HAVE KILLED HIM

HIS CARD IDENTIFIES HIM AS A BANK EXAMINER



AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT WAS KILLED BY ACID. THAT LOOKS AS THOUGH—

—AS THOUGH THIS MIGHT BE AN INSIDE JOB OF SOME KIND. LET'S GO OVER SOME OF THE BOOKS



OKAY

HERE'S THE BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT, AND —

ONE OF THE CLERKS TIED UP

MMMMPH-GLUB!

DURING THE ROBBERY, ONE OF THE MEN FROM THE ARMORED CARS RUSHED IN HERE, TIED ME UP AND STOLE ALL THE BOOKS

HEAR THAT, BETTY?

I'LL GO CHECK ON EMPLOYEES WHO ARE ABSENT FROM THE BANK TODAY

THE ONLY PERSON ABSENT TODAY IS ONE OF THE VICE PRESIDENTS, MARK GORHAM. I HAVE HIS ADDRESS

THEY GET INTO BETTY'S CAR AND —

GORHAM LIVES OUT ON THIS ROADWAY

THIS IS THE ROAD THE ARMORED TRUCKS DISAPPEARED FROM AFTER THE BANK HOLDUP

HERE'S GORHAM'S FARM

WHILE YOU INTERVIEW GORHAM BETTY, I'LL CHANGE MY DISGUISE AND DO SOME SNOOPING

X CHANGES HIS DISGUISE TO THAT OF A HOBO, AND —

THAT'S AN AWFULLY BIG BARN FOR A PLACE LIKE THIS

GOOD AFTER-NOON, GENTS. COULD YOU TELL ME —

HIT THE HIGHWAY, HOBO

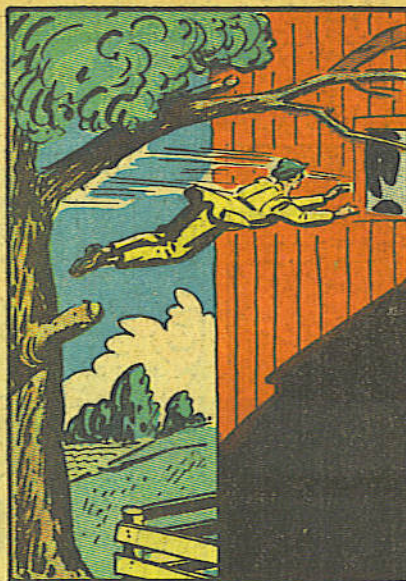
SCRAM, BUM!

AND STAY AWAY. WE DON'T WANT ANY BUMS SNOOPING AROUND

I NEVER HEARD ANY FARMERS SPEAK THAT LINGO. I'LL LET THEM CHASE ME, THEN SNEAK AROUND THE BACK



NOBODY
GUARDING
THE BACK
HERE.
I'M GOING
TO TRY
FOR THAT
WINDOW



I WONDER IF IT COULD
HAVE BEEN SOME OF
THIS STRAW THAT I
FOUND IN THE BANK



X MOVES CAUTIOUSLY
AROUND THE BARN

SO FAR I HAVEN'T
FOUND ANY—
WHAT'S
THIS?



LET'S SEE WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
I PULL THIS—



THIS ELEVATOR GOES DOWN
TO THE CELLAR. FIRST
BARN I EVER SAW WITH A
CELLAR. NOTHING DOWN
HERE BUT A LOT OF STRAW



ONE OF THE STOLEN ARMORED
CARS. THAT MEANS GORHAM IS
BEHIND ALL THIS



IF I CAN REACH THAT
SMALL PILE OF STRAW
I CAN HIDE AND LISTEN
TO THEIR CONVERSATION

AS X REACHES HIS HIDING-
PLACE, THE STRAW MAKES
HIM SNEEZE



STRAW DUST GOT IN MY
NOSE. NOW I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO PITCH INTO THESE
BIRDS

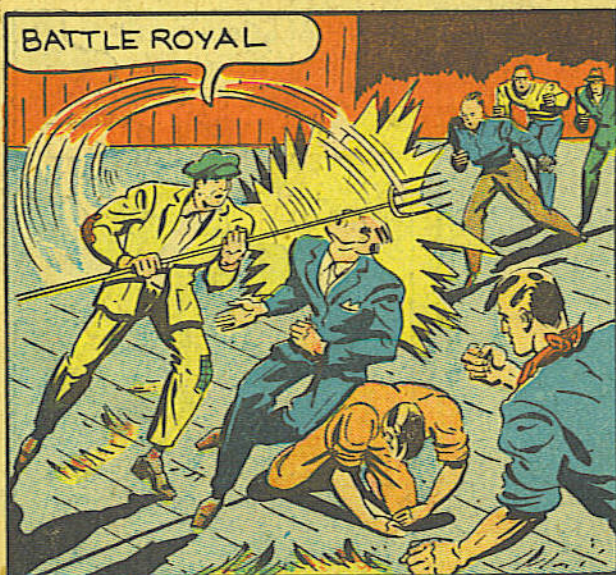


THE BEST DEFENSE
IS A GOOD OFFEN-
SIVE

THERE
HE IS



BATTLE ROYAL



THE REINFORCEMENTS ARE TOO MUCH
FOR X

WE
GOT
'IM



I'M GONNA KILL
THIS NOSEY GUY
RIGHT NOW!



SORRY, BLACKIE,
BUT I WANT
TO QUESTION
THE PRISONER
FIRST



THAT'S
HOW
THE
BANK
EXAMINER
WAS KILLED

WHO SENT
YOU TO SPY
ON ME?
TALK FAST!



LOOK IN
MY
INSIDE
POCKET
AND
YOU'LL
SEE

BLACKIE SEEMS TO BE
TRYING TO TAKE THINGS
INTO HIS OWN HANDS.
BETTER GIVE HIM A
DOSE OF THE ACID GUN

AS GORHAM STARTS TO SEARCH X..

I'LL TAKE THAT ACID-PISTOL NOW

HEY!



WE'LL GET HIM, BOSS. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW — LOOK OUT!

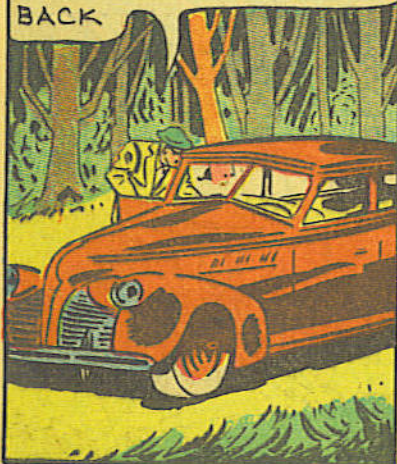
NEXT TIME I WON'T MISS



I WONDER WHERE BETTY IS



BETTY ISN'T IN THE CAR EITHER. I'LL GET A COUPLE OF TROOPERS AND COME BACK



X IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AND ENLISTS THE AID OF TWO STATE TROOPERS —



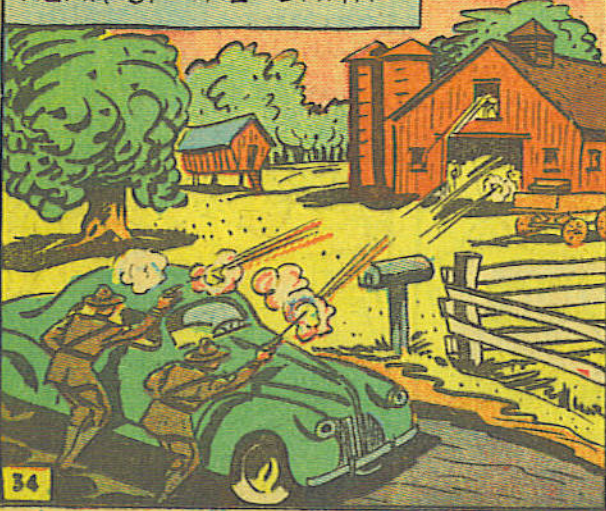
THIS IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB ROUTING OUT GORHAM AND HIS MOB

YOU FELLOWS KEEP GORHAM'S THUGS OCCUPIED IN THE FRONT OF THE BARN, WHILE I ATTACK THEM FROM THE BACK

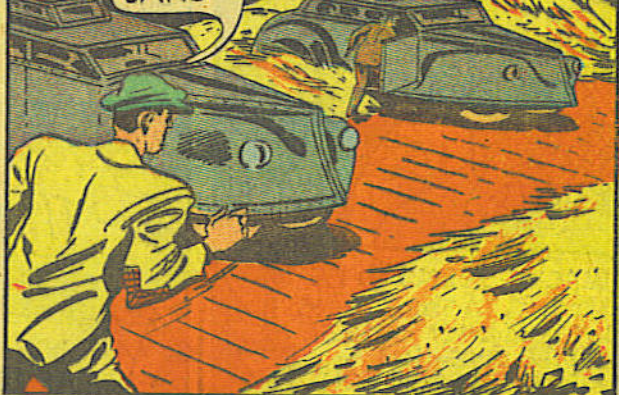
GOOD IDEA



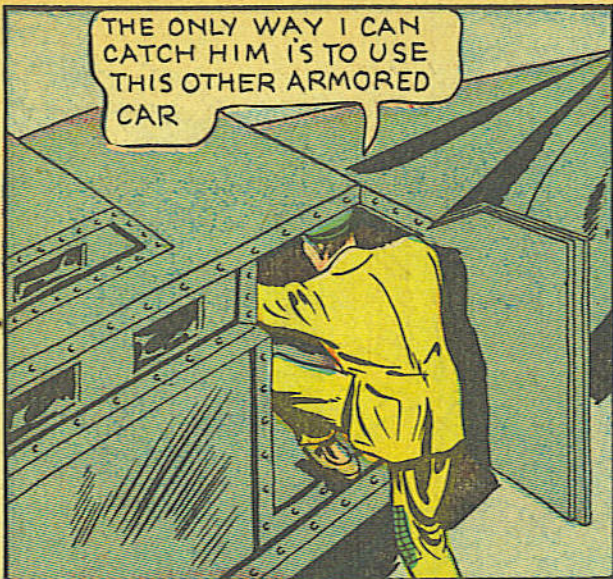
WHIL X IS BREAKING INTO THE REAR OF THE BARN



DOWN IN THE CELLAR OF THE BARN — THERE'S GORHAM GETTING INTO ONE OF THE ARMORED CARS

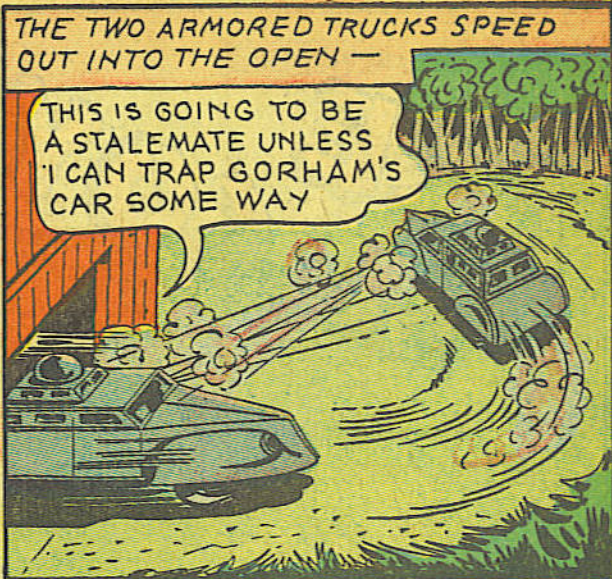


THE ONLY WAY I CAN
CATCH HIM IS TO USE
THIS OTHER ARMORED
CAR



THE TWO ARMORED TRUCKS SPEED
OUT INTO THE OPEN —

THIS IS GOING TO BE
A STALEMATE UNLESS
I CAN TRAP GORHAM'S
CAR SOME WAY



I'M GAINING
ON GORHAM.
IF I CAN FORCE
HIM OFF
THE
ROAD AT
THE
NEXT
CURVE

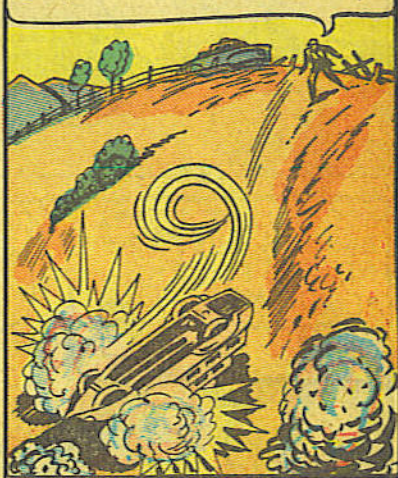


AS THEY REACH A CURVE
X PULLS HIS ARMORED
TRUCK ALONGSIDE, AND —

THERE
GOES
GORHAM



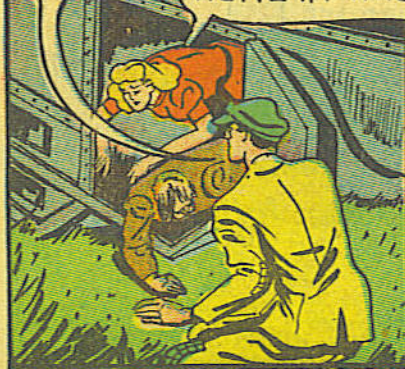
I HOPE GORHAM WASN'T
KILLED. HE MIGHT KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT BETTY



X OPENS THE ARMORED
TRUCK, AND —

BETTY!

YES, X, ONE
OF GORHAM'S MEN
CAUGHT ME AND
MADE ME PRISONER
HERE IN THIS CAR



THAT TUMBLE OVER THE
CLIFF NEARLY GOT
ME TOO



SO GORHAM
WAS MAKING A GRAND
GETAWAY, WITH YOU AND
THE BANK LOOT

THE BANK DEPOSITORS
WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW
THEIR MONEY HAS BEEN
RECOVERED



AND
THE GOVERNMENT WILL GET
THEIR ARMORED CARS

ANOTHER EXCITING DRAMA
OF X-THE PHANTOM FED
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
LIGHTNING COMICS

ACE McCOY

ACE McCOY AND HIS MECHANIC PAL, BILL REGAN, ARE THE FASTEST FLYING-BRAIN-AND-BRAWN COMBINATION THAT EVER STREAKED THROUGH THE SKYWAYS OF THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE...

NOTHING LIKE TAKING IT EASY ON THIS FARM WE RENTED FOR THE SUMMER

HEY, BOSS, LOOK AT THIS AD IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN

ACE McCOY TAKES THE PAPER AND READS...

WANTED: DARING FLYER
FOR DANGEROUS JOB.
SMALL PAY AND LOTS
OF EXCITEMENT FOR
YOUR TROUBLE-IF
YOU LIVE.
MADAME Z - 400 NORTH
8th ST., CITY

LITBE: LIME BLACK
41-3773-44

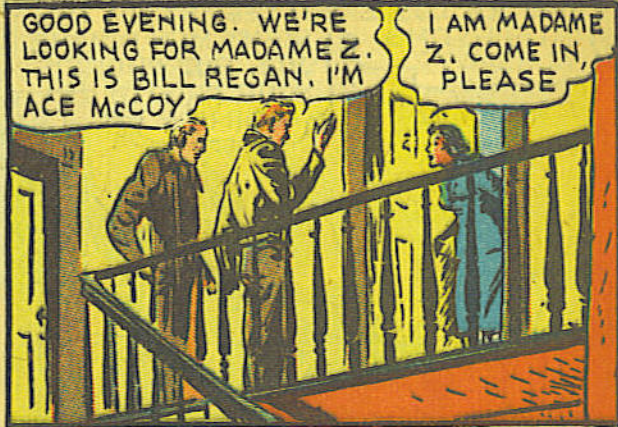
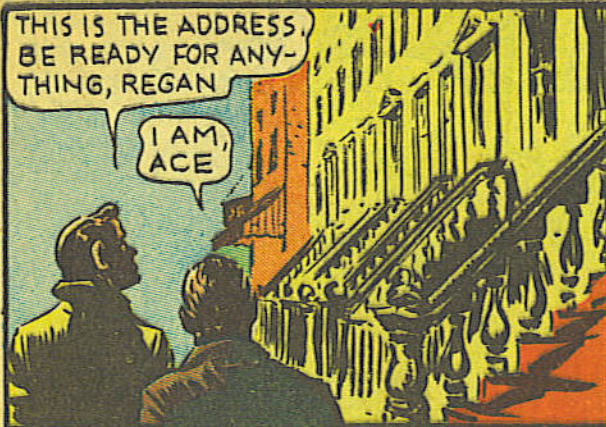
THAT'S A CHALLENGE WE CAN'T RESIST, REGAN. LET'S VISIT MADAME Z

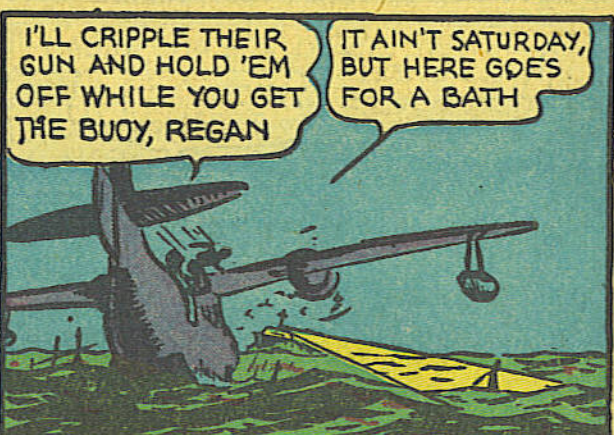
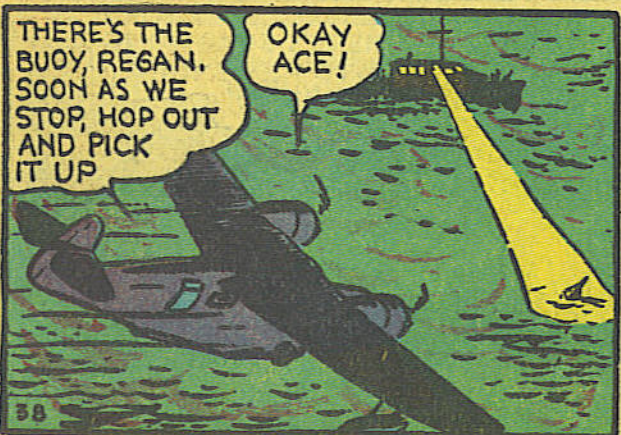
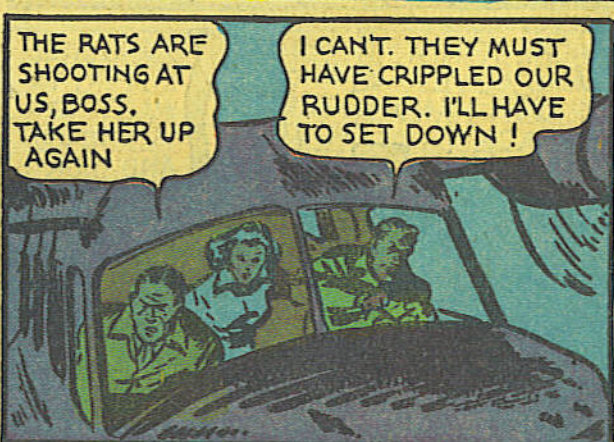
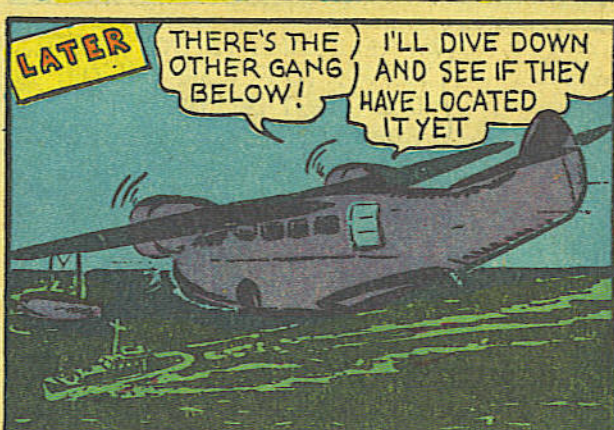
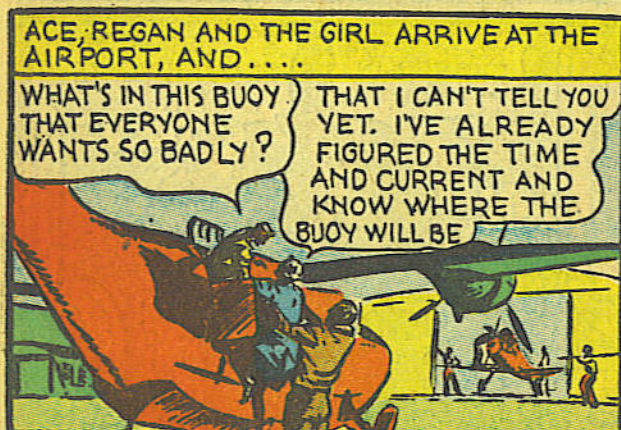
AH, INTO ACTION AGAIN

ACE AND REGAN REACH THE CITY AIRPORT IN THEIR NEW AMPHIBIAN

WONDER WHAT THIS MADAME Z IS LIKE, ACE

PROBABLY SOME OLD HAG WITH AN EVIL EYE





ACE
MCCOY'S
DEADLY
SHOOT-
ING
TAKES
IT'S
TOLL

HE'S DESTROYED OUR
GUN! TURN OFF THAT
BLASTED SEARCHLIGHT
AND GET OUT
OF RANGE

SOMETIMES I WISH I
COULD STOP READING
THE PERSONAL
COLUMNS

ATTA
BOY,
REGAN

THANK GOODNESS
YOU HAVE THE
BUOY

YOU CHASED
'EM OFF, ACE

BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

THEY CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THAT. HIT THE
WATER AND BOARD THEIR
PLANE

HEY, ACE,
WE HAVE
COMPANY!

TEAR INTO
'EM, SPIKE!

GRAB THE BUOY, DOT.
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THESE TOUGHS

WISH THERE WAS
MORE ROOM TO
BOUNCE THESE
BABIES AROUND

HEAVE
HO!

I GUESS THEY
DON'T WANT TO
PLAY ANY MORE

LET'S GET THAT
RUDDER FIXED



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS ACE AND REGAN
FINISH WITH THE RUDDER ---

WE'RE READY
TO START NOW
BUT ---

IT'S THE
COAST
GUARD



PLEASE DON'T LET THEM
STOP US. THEY'LL TAKE
THE BUOY AND I'LL BE
RUINED! GET AWAY FROM
THEM AND I'LL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING

I'LL TAKE A
CHANCE ON
YOU. TAKE
CARE OF
THEM, REGAN



WE HEARD SHOOTING
OUT HERE. STAND BY
FOR US TO BOARD YOU

I'LL TELL YOU
FELLOWS. IT'S
THIS WAY--



SUDDENLY REGAN REACHES DOWN AND --
SORRY, BOYS,
BUT WE HAVE TO
HELP A LADY IN
DISTRESS

HEY! WHAT
ARE YOU -- ?



NICE WORK,
REGAN. NOW
WE CAN GET
OUT OF HERE

I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
THANK YOU
BOYS ENOUGH



WHAT'S IN
THAT BUOY,
DOT?

OKAY. CARDS ON THE TABLE.
THERE'S A HALF MILLION IN
UNCUT DIAMONDS IN IT.
I WAS BRINGING THEM FROM
SOUTH AMERICA BY BOAT TO
BE EXHIBITED AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR



I WAS HIRED FOR THE JOB
BY A BIG DIAMOND MERCHANT.
ON THE BOAT THEY WERE
STOLEN FROM THE PURSER'S
SAFE. I SUSPECTED A MAN
ON BOARD, NAMED GREEGER,
BUT I COULDN'T
PROVE
ANYTHING

WHY DIDN'T
YOU GET
POLICE
HELP?



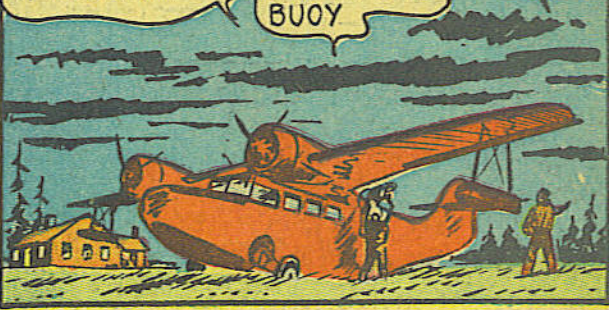
I WOULD'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING IN ON THE JOB. ANYHOW, JUST BEFORE WE REACHED QUARANTINE I SAW GREEGER DUMP THIS BUOY INTO THE OCEAN. I SAW WHAT HIS PLAN WAS AND DECIDED TO BEAT HIM TO IT



I THINK WE'LL BE SAFE FROM GREEGER HERE AT MY FARM

I CAN'T WAIT TO MAKE SURE THE DIAMONDS ARE IN THIS BUOY

IT'S DAWN ALREADY



INSIDE THE HOUSE

WHY, THEY'RE ONLY PEBBLES!

YEAH, A HALF MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PEBBLES, REGAN

UNCUT ONES ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THAT



NOW I'D BETTER GET THESE JEWELS OUT TO THE FAIR BEFORE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS TO THEM

WE'LL GO ALONG JUST IN CASE GREEGER SHOWS UP



YOU'RE TOO LATE, GIRLIE

GREEGER!



EASY, REGAN, THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON US

THANKS, MISS BAKER



IF ANY OF YOU POKE OUT YOUR NOSES YOU'LL BE KILLED

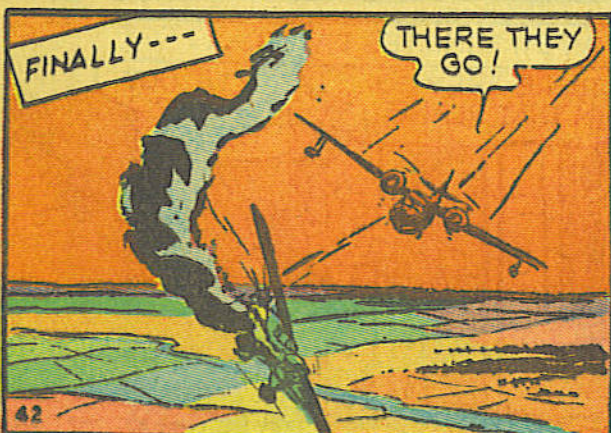
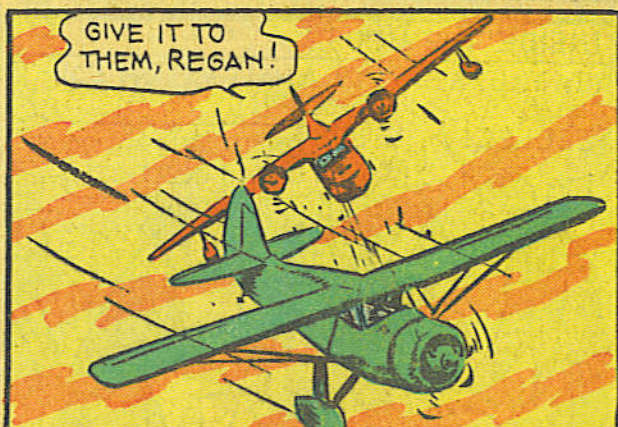
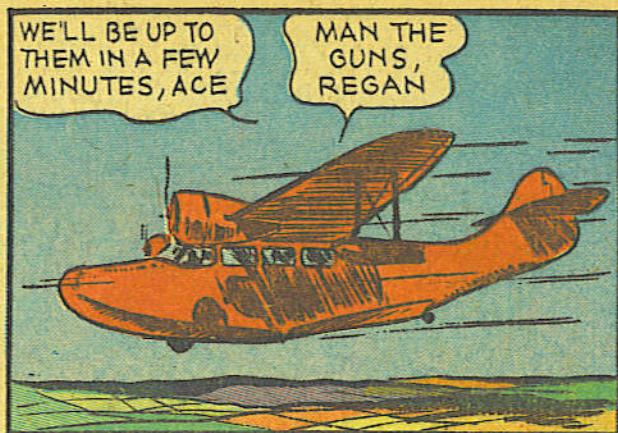


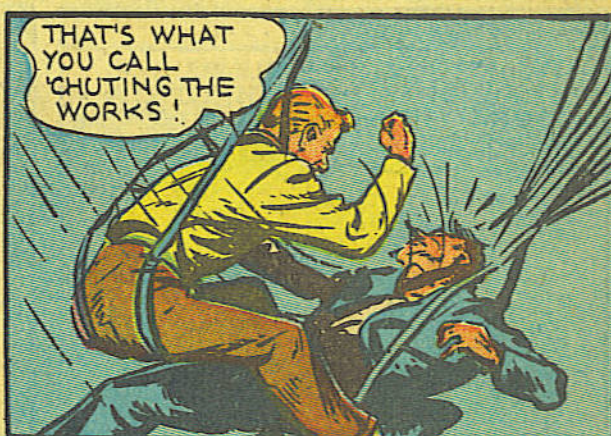
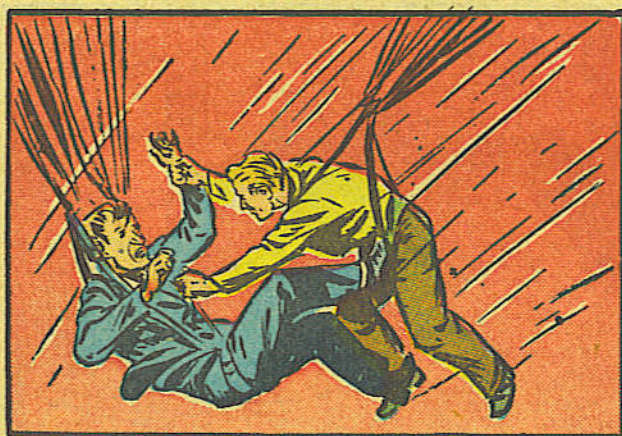
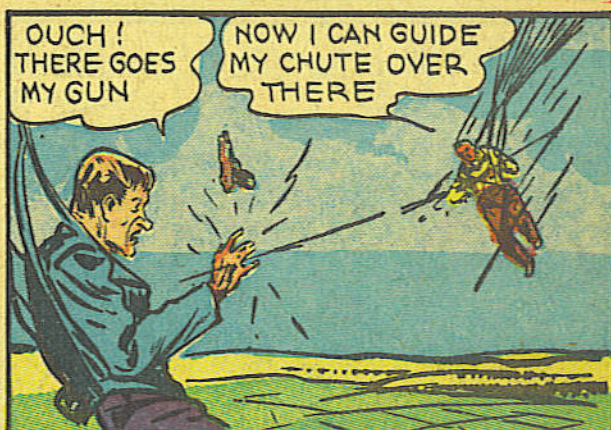
A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

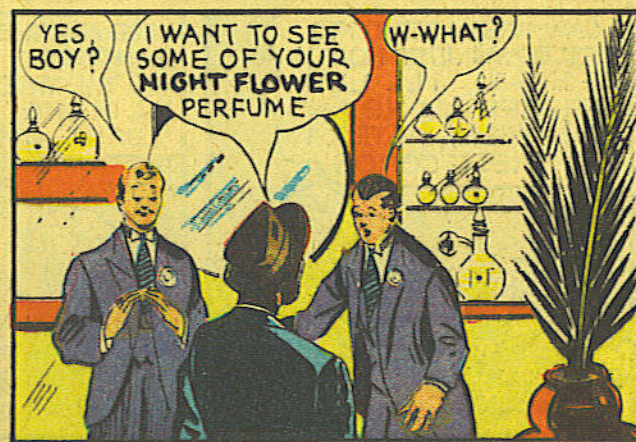
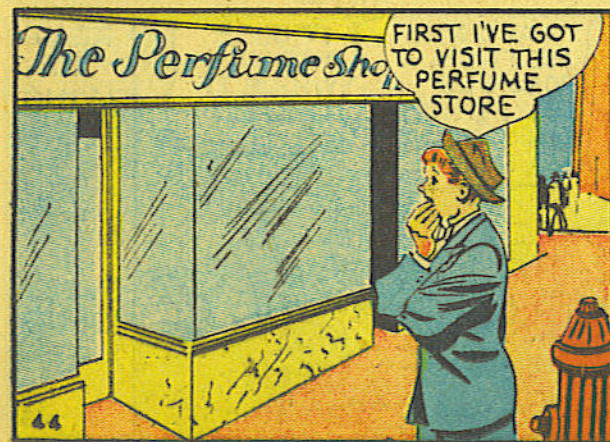
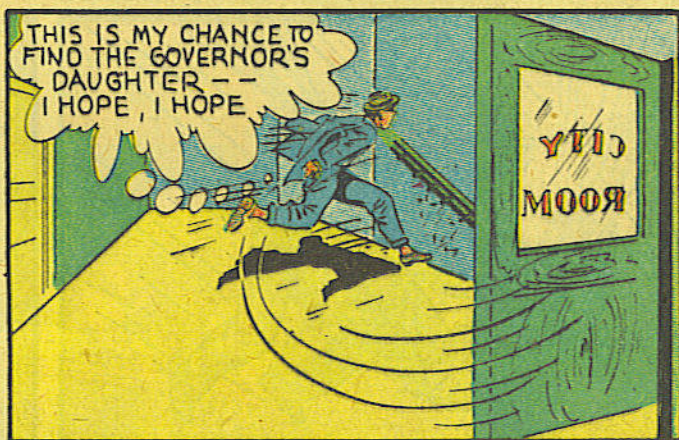
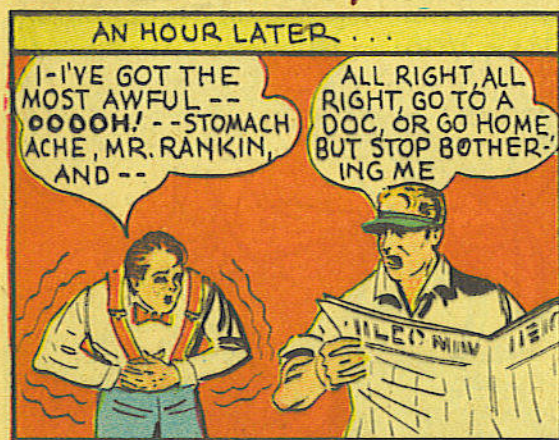
THERE THEY GO IN THAT PLANE

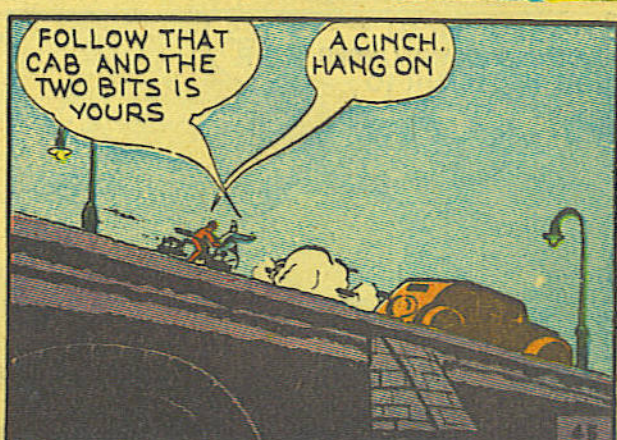
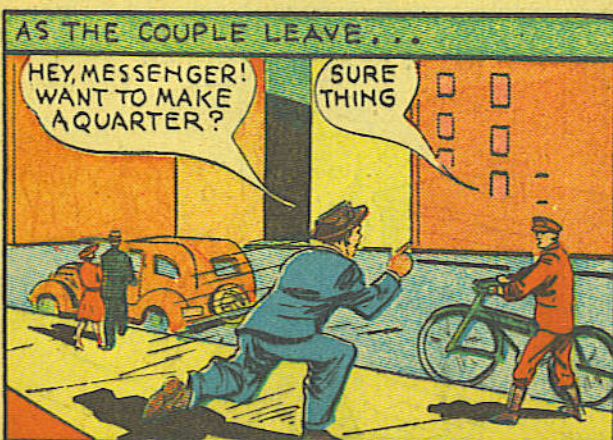
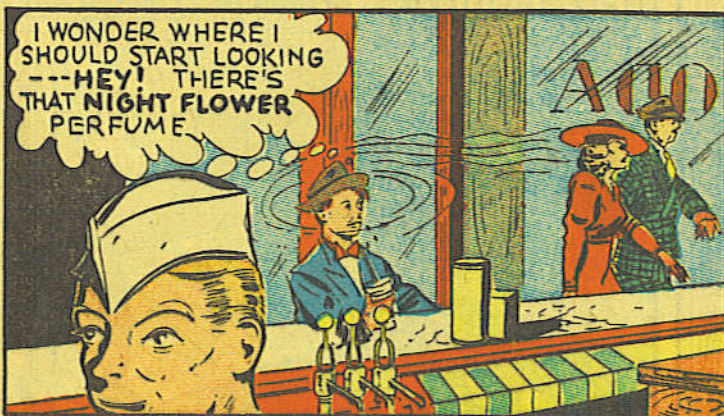
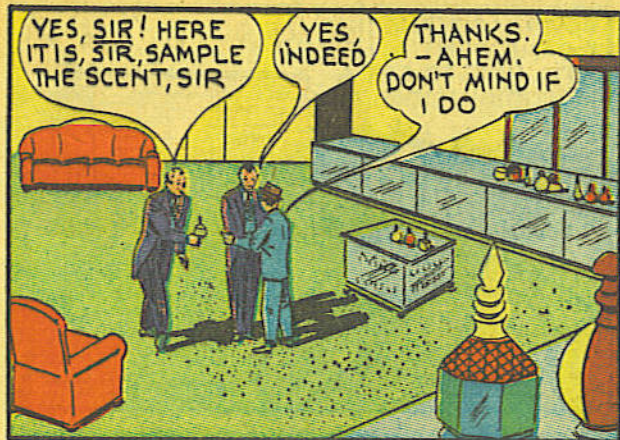
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

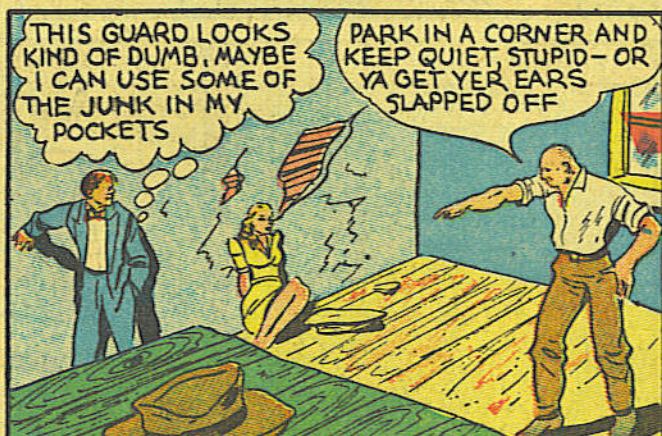
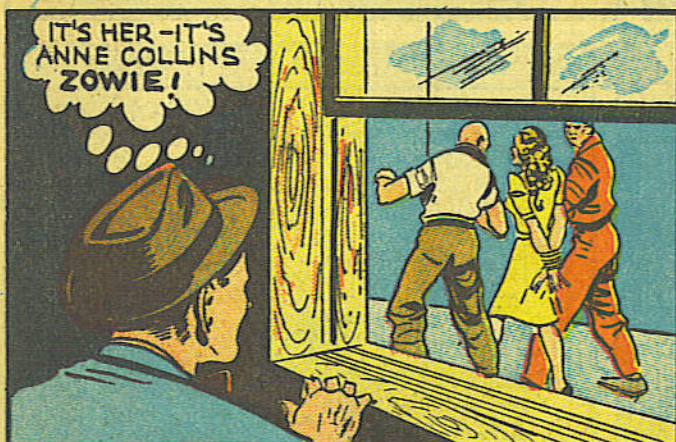












BEFORE THE THUG RECOVERS, HAP USES HIS PEA-SHOOTER

MY EYE --
OOOOH!

BLINDED YOU,
EH? ISN'T
THAT--

--TOO
BAD

THERE'S A COUPLE OF
COPS, BUT I CAN'T YELL
OR I'LL BRING THE
GANG UP RUNNING.
MAYBE --

YOU'VE GOT TO
ATTRACT THEIR
ATTENTION
SOME WAY

HAP TAKES A PIECE OF BURNT CORK FROM
HIS POCKET-JUNK, SETS A MATCH
TO IT, AND THEN...

I'LL MAKE A
SIGN WITH
THIS BURNT
CORK AND
A PIECE OF
PLASTER

THEN...

SOMEONE'S SHOOTIN'!
US WITH --BEGORRY,
LOOK AT THAT
SIGN!

IT MUST
BE THE
COLLINS
GIRL'S KID-
NAPPERS, MIKE
LET'S GO!

SOUNDS LIKE THE COPS
ARE GIVING ZIG AND
COMPANY HAIL COLUMBIA

YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!

YES, SIR, AND THIS IS
THE LAD WHO GETS
THE CREDIT FOR
BREAKING UP THE
GANG

ISN'T
HE
CUTE?

WAIT'LL THE
OLD MAN HEARS
THIS

BACK AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR

GET TO WORK,
HAP HAZARD, BEFORE
I START REMEMBERING
THAT FAKE TUMMY
ACHE

GOLLY- (GULP)-I
-ER- FORGOT
ABOUT THAT!

MORE ADVENTURES OF HAP HAZARD IN
THE NEXT ISSUE

MARVO the MAGICIAN and TITO



WANDERING OVER THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE, MARVO, MASTER OF MAGIC, AND HIS AMAZING MONKEY, TITO, COME TO FARO CITY—THE MOST CORRUPT AND WICKED CITY IN THE MIDWEST

LEAVING THEIR CAR TO BE OVERHAULED MARVO AND TITO WALK ALONG THE MAIN STREET OF FARO CITY

SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT IN THIS GAMBLING JOINT TITO. LET'S INVESTIGATE.

CHREEEE

MONTE BIGG'S GAMBLING JOINT

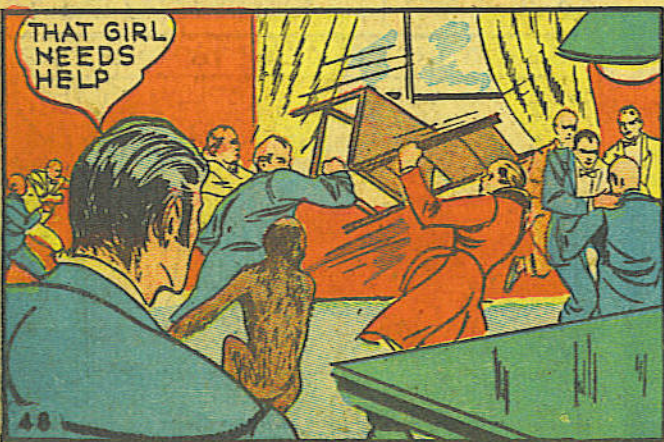
TOSS 'EM OUT!

BANG!

UP AND AT 'EM, TITO



THAT GIRL NEEDS HELP



WE'LL MAKE THOSE CROOKS STOP FIGHTING

CHEE-CHEE



MARVO CREATES ONE OF HIS FAMOUS ILLUSIONS

ALLI PECUNIO!
LOOK, BOYS

HE'S THROWIN' AWAY
DOUGH. C'MON!



IT
WORKED

THAT'S MY
FIVE SPOT

GIVE ME SOME
OF THIS DOUGH
OR I'LL SLUG YA



OUTSIDE,
MISS,
QUICKLY

I-I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
THANK YOU. THOSE MEN
WOULD'VE MURDERED US



WAIT A MINUTE, FOLKS.
WHERE'S TITO?

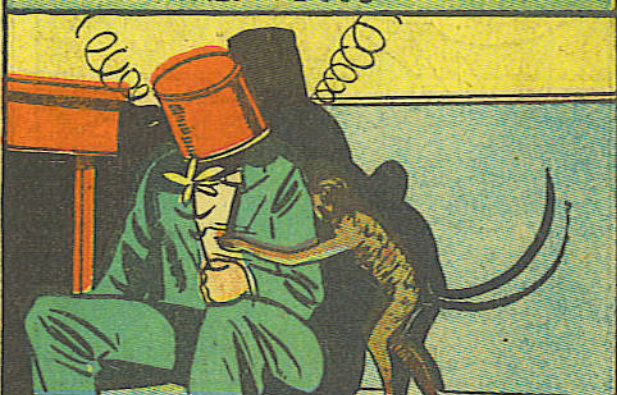


CHIREEEP!

THE LITTLE
RASCAL



TITO FINISHES THE JOB



ALWAYS PLAYING
PRANKS, AREN'T
YOU, TITO?



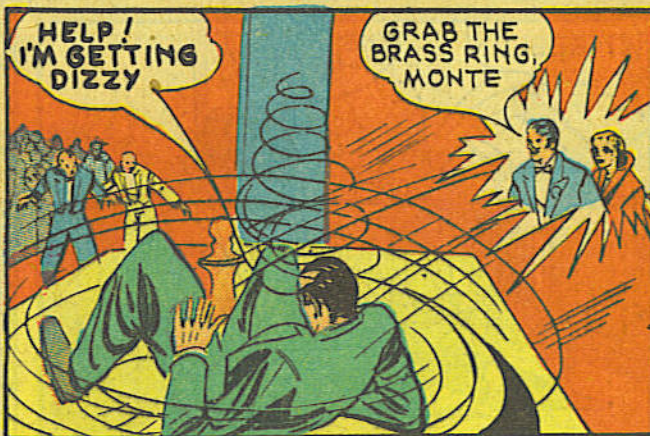
AS MARVO AND THE GIRL LEAVE THE CASINO...

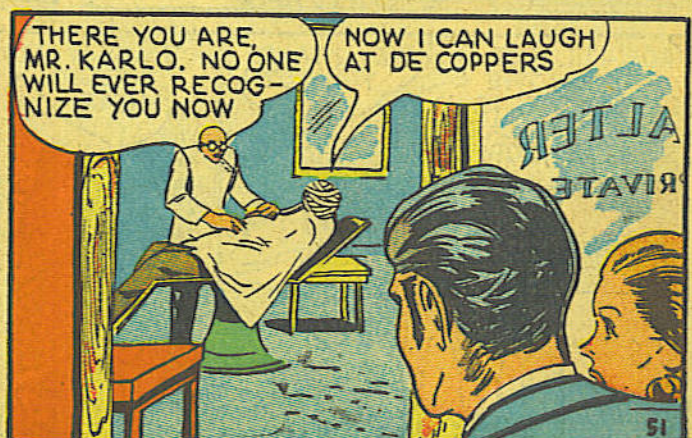
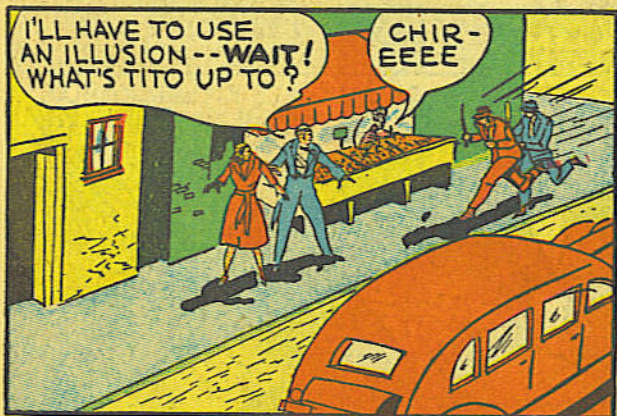
HEY!
THIS ISN'T
MONEY

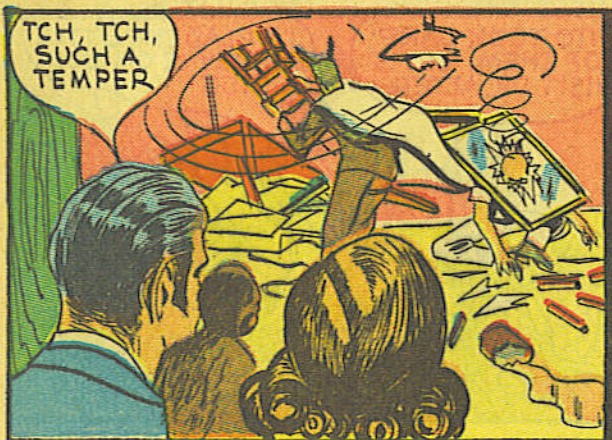
WE'VE BEEN
FIGHTIN' OVER
WORTHLESS
PAPER

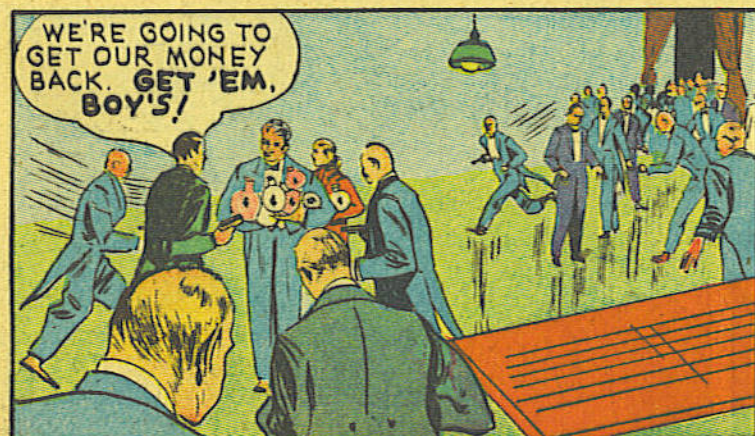
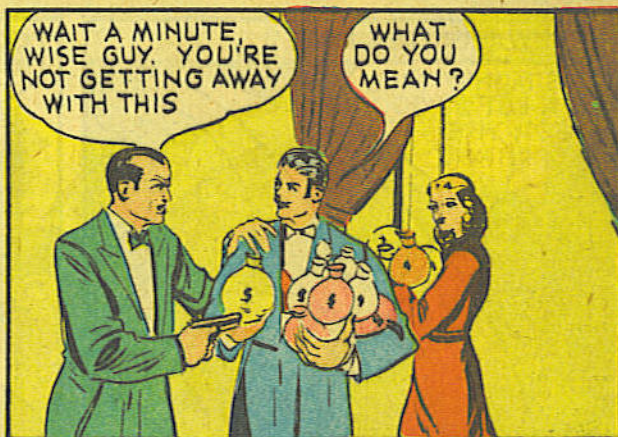
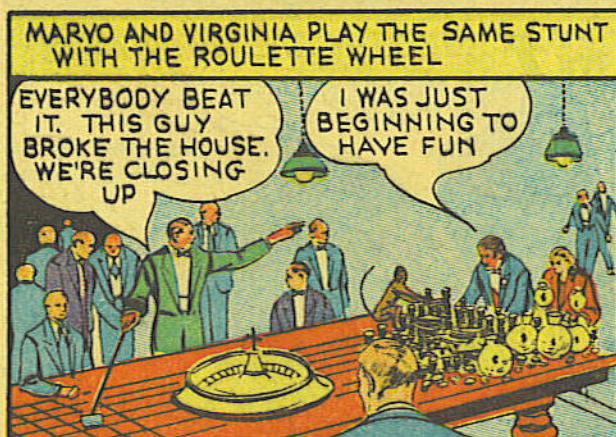
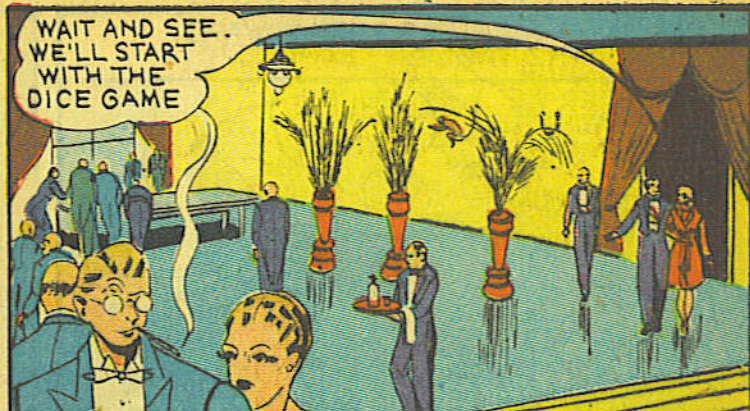
WE'VE BEEN
TRICKED



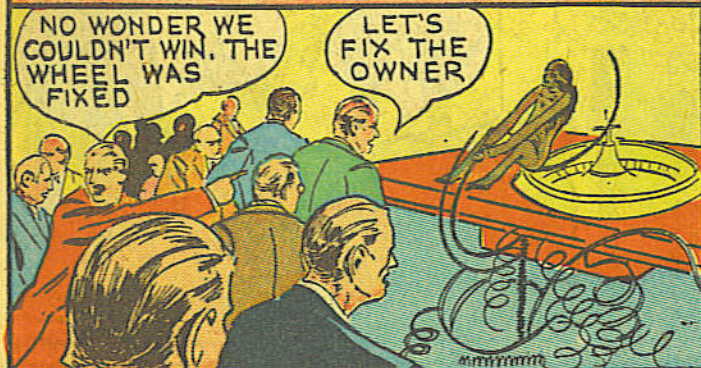




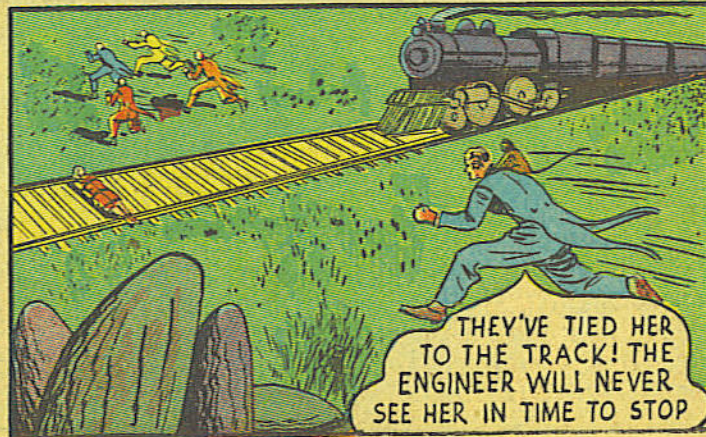




A CROWD OF GAMBLERS RUSH TOWARD THE TABLE

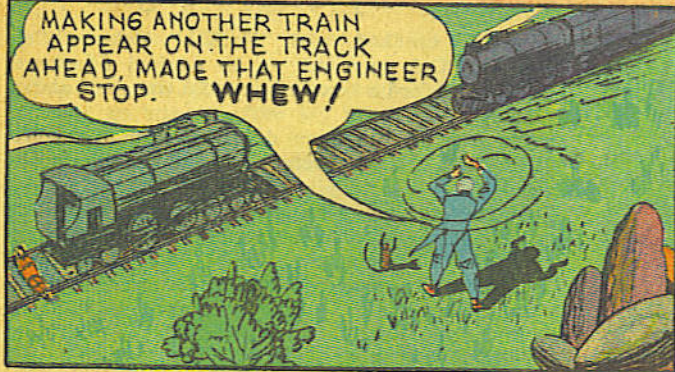


SCRAM, BOYS. THAT MOB HAS FOUND OUT WE WERE GYPING THEM



DESPERATELY MARVO CONJURES UP A
GRAND ILLUSION

MAKING ANOTHER TRAIN
APPEAR ON THE TRACK
AHEAD, MADE THAT ENGINEER
STOP. **WHEW!**



WHERE DID THAT
OTHER TRAIN COME --
**LOOK, THAT
MAGIC GUY,
AGAIN**

HE CAN'T
DO THAT
TO US



MARVO, HERE COMES
MONTE BIGG. HE'LL
KILL US THIS TIME
FOR SURE

I DON'T
THINK SO.
WATCH!



MARVO CREATES ANOTHER ILLUSION WITH
THE TRAIN

THE TRAIN,
MONTE!

RUN!



YOU'RE WONDERFUL,
MARVO. I'D BELIEVE
THAT MYSELF IF YOU
HADN'T TOLD ME IT
WAS A TRICK

MONTE AND HIS
PALS ARE RUNNING
RIGHT INTO TROUBLE.
LET'S FOLLOW
THEM



I'M GOING OFF THE
CLIFF. IT'S BETTER
THAN BEING RUN DOWN
BY THAT TRAIN

I STOPPED THE
ILLUSION, BUT
THEY'RE SO SCARED
THEY DON'T EVEN
KNOW IT



THEY'LL BE CARRIED
INTO THE NEXT COUNTY
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
LEFT OF THEM

NOW YOU CAN
GO BACK AND
CLEAN UP FARO
CITY



AH! LOVELY GIRL,
THE MAYOR...YOU
READY FOR OUR
NEXT ADVENTURE,
TITO?

CHEE -
CHEE -
CHIREEE



READ EVERY ADVENTURE OF MARVO AND
TITO IN LIGHTNING COMICS

The Golden Siesta

By Clint Douglas



A RIFLE cracked, and "Foolish" Peter Gilley said, "Gol darn it," as he ducked floorward and watched a box careen from the shelf above his head.

From beyond the open doorway a man's voice warned: "I c'n shoot better'n that. I didn't aim to hit you."

Foolish Peter made no attempt to rise from the floor. He had acquired a deep-rooted conviction that hasty actions are apt to be final ones. A shadow, and then a man showed in the doorway. The muzzle of a Winchester was pointed at Peter's head.

"I know you," the man said. "You're the half-wit what's always looking for a lost gold mine."

Foolish Peter let his leathery face wrinkle in a deceptive smile as he tried vainly to place the man's face. The stranger advanced into the single room of the cabin and closed the door with a backward swing of his foot.

As his black eyes squinted hastily over the scant furniture, he said angrily: "What the hell! Ain't you got nothing to eat in this dump?"

"Mighty little." Peter's sunbleached eyes were guileless. "T'morrow's the day I go to town for grub."

"Tomorrow'll be too late," the man snarled. "Stir up some batter and cook some flapjacks."

"This here flour—" Peter began, as he replaced the box on the shelf and looked disconsolately at the damage done by the bullet.

"Shut up!" Peter flinched as the rifle barrel dug into his back. "If you ain't got them cakes cooked in ten minutes, I'll give you what I give the sheriff of Mescal Village."

Foolish Peter rubbed his tongue reflectively over his toothless gums as he dipped flour from the can. Then suddenly his faded blue eyes, that nearly forty years of gazing across sun-baked desert had bleached to cobalt, lost their look of innocence. He knew now why the man's face was vaguely familiar to him. He had seen the same bulldog face and squinty eyes posted on the wall of the Silver Dollar Drug Store the last time he had been in Overland.

Peter cast a hasty glance behind him. He saw that the stranger had retreated to the single window in the cabin and was looking off across the desert in the direction of Overland.

"Have a chair, stranger." The old man crossed to the rusty iron stove. He thrust a match into the kindling he had prepared the night before so that he could cook a hasty breakfast and be off to Overland for his grub.

"Shut up!" The tone was surly as the man turned from the window as though satisfied with his scrutiny and took a stand at Foolish Peter's elbow. "Out o' grub," he said ominously. "Then where's the money you was aimin' to use to buy more?"

"Money!" Peter said, and laughed. "It don't take money for the little bit of grub I eat."

"Not much it don't," the stranger grated. With a quick thrust of his hand he removed a worn leather purse from the old man's dungarees.

"Now looky here—" Foolish Peter began, and stopped abruptly when the muzzle of the Winchester came up quickly.

"Well, I'm lookin'."

Peter watched the trigger finger tremble and saw the man's eyes close to slits. "'At's all right," he said hastily. "Your flapjacks'll be ready in a minute."

Ten minutes later Foolish Peter writhed on the floor as he tried to free his hands and feet from the rope that bound them. "Dern fool," he said in a whisper. "Steal my money, steal my grub, an' knock me out of a night's sleep."

The sun was sinking in the west before Foolish Peter finally freed himself. His burro, fat and lazy from lack of exercise, complained with angry shakes of his head at being saddled and forced to trek across the desert at nightfall.

Foolish Peter's eyes glinted. His usually benign face was stern as he pulled himself to the saddle and slapped a hand on the pistol butt that protruded from his pocket. He didn't have to trail. The man was heading for Sundust City. He'd have to go by Sunken Well for water.

For the first hour the burro continued to complain and tried to return the way they had come, but Foolish Peter was obdurate. Finally the animal settled down to his characteristic monotonous walk that ate up the miles surprisingly as the night advanced.

There was a faint hint of dawn when the old man dismounted and advanced softly on foot. He had nearly ridden across the man's prone figure. Gently he removed the rifle from the sleeper's side and sat down, his own pistol trained on the other's head.

"Larkin." He said the name softly, almost as though he regretted rousing the sleeper. The man stirred but made no move to get up. "Larkin." A little louder this time, and the brightening dawn made his movements more apparent.

Then slowly the sleeper came to a sitting position. "Huh?" he said, and rubbed one fist into his eyes as he reached for his Winchester. Then suddenly he was wide awake. "What the hell," he grated, and peered closer at Peter. "Why you lousy desert rat, want I should rub you out?"

"The poster, Peter remarked, "said dead or alive, though I'd just as lief to make it dead."

The man's figure became smaller as he drew his legs beneath him. Over the silence of the early dawn the tiny sound of Foolish Peter's finger tightening on the trigger was ominous.

"I'll get you for this," the man said as he walked beside the burro ten minutes later on the way to Overland.

"Sure, but I ain't afeared of ghosts," Peter said without concern . . .

"But how," the sheriff at Overland asked that afternoon when Peter handed over his prisoner, "did you know you'd find him out there?"

"Pshaw!" Peter's eyes were fastened on the poster that said: \$1,000 Dead or Alive. "The dern fool knocked my sleeping powders into the flour can an' I mixed 'em up in the batter. He was bound to get mighty sleepy after he et them flapjacks."

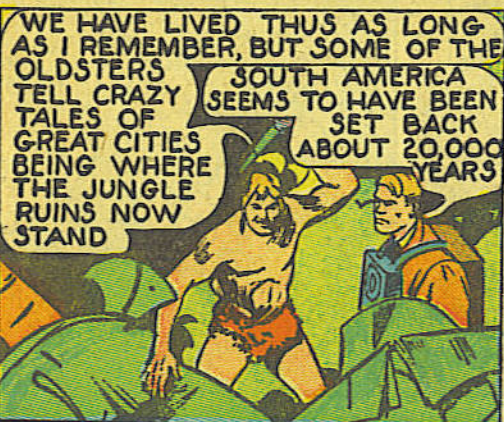
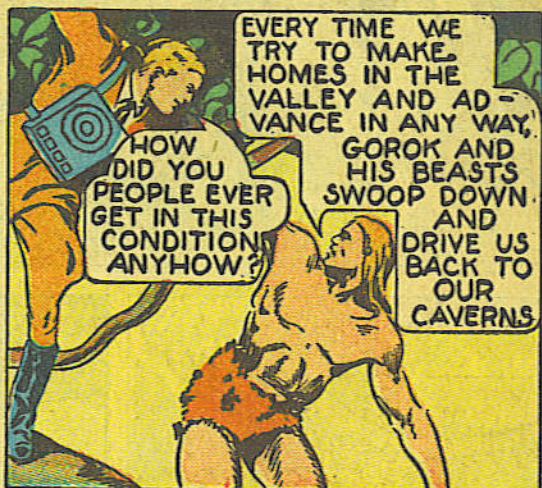
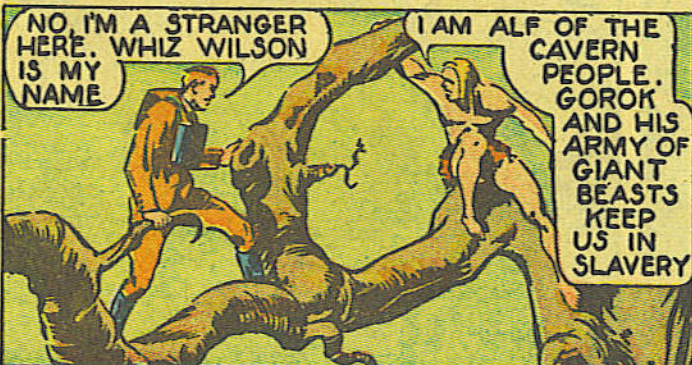
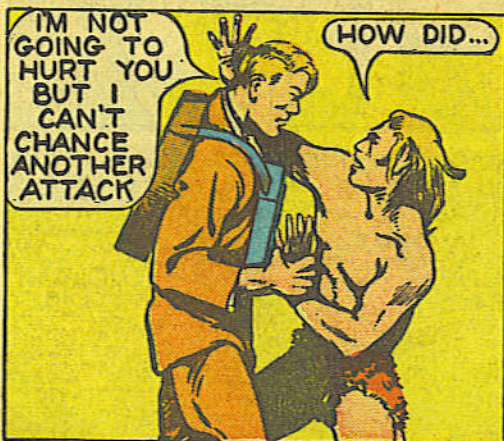
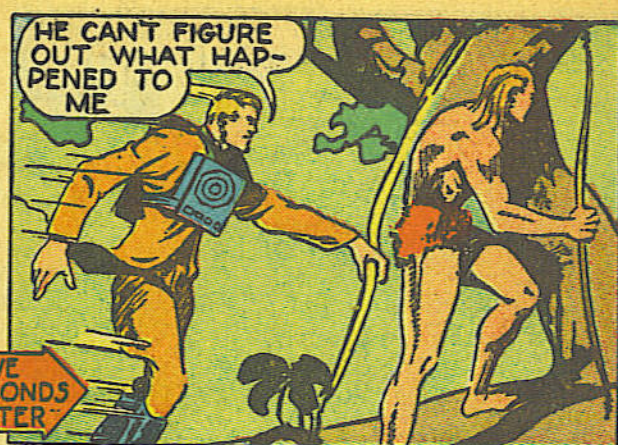


Whiz WILSON

AND HIS FUTUROSCOPE

YOUNG SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, WHIZ WILSON, HAS INVENTED A "FUTUROSCOPE" WHICH WITH A TWIST OF THE DIAL WILL WHISK HIM TO ANY PLACE ON THE GLOBE AT ANY DESIRED TIME IN THE FUTURE. AN OPPOSITE TURN OF THE DIAL WILL RETURN WHIZ TO HIS LABORATORY AND THE PRESENT DAY. WHIZ'S LATEST TRIP BRINGS HIM TO SOUTH AMERICA IN THE YEAR 2500



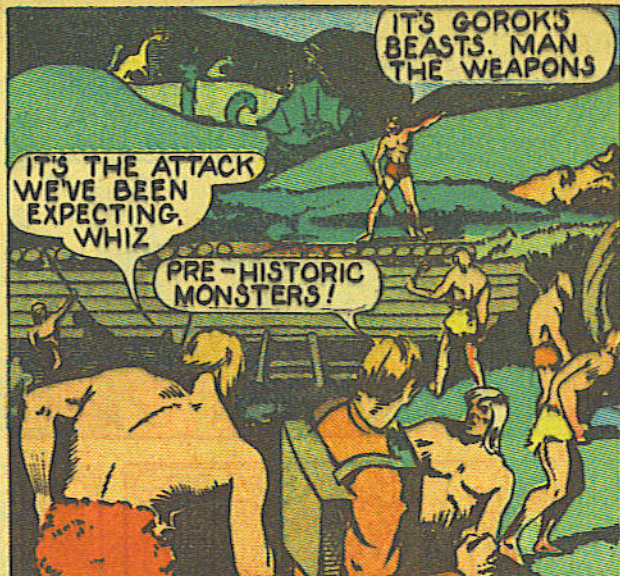


AS WHIZ AND ALF HEAD FOR THE
VALLEY OF THE CAVERN PEOPLE--



WE'VE BUILT CATAPULTS AND DUG DEEP TRAPS TO FIGHT OFF GOROK'S NEXT ATTACK; BUT I'M AFRAID THEY'LL DO NO GOOD AND...

WAIT, LOOK AT THE CLIFFS

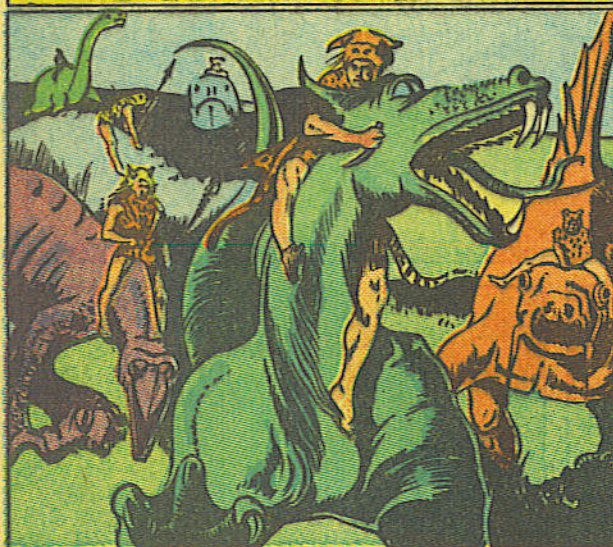


IT'S GOROK'S BEASTS. MAN THE WEAPONS

IT'S THE ATTACK WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING. WHIZ

PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS!

THE BEAST ARMY COMES ON...



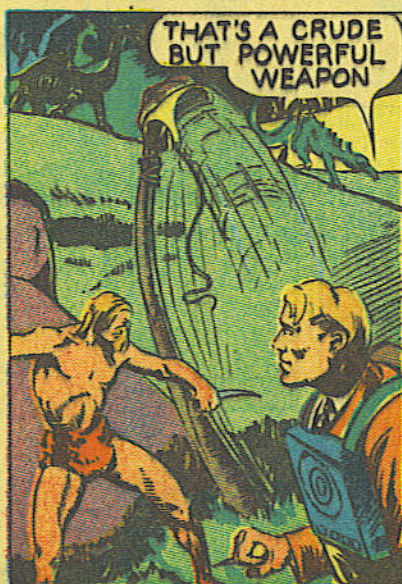
YOUR TRAPS CAUGHT SOME OF THEM

BUT NOT ENOUGH. WE'LL BE WIPED OUT AFTER THIS BATTLE



ALL RIGHT, LET'S CUT THE CORDS

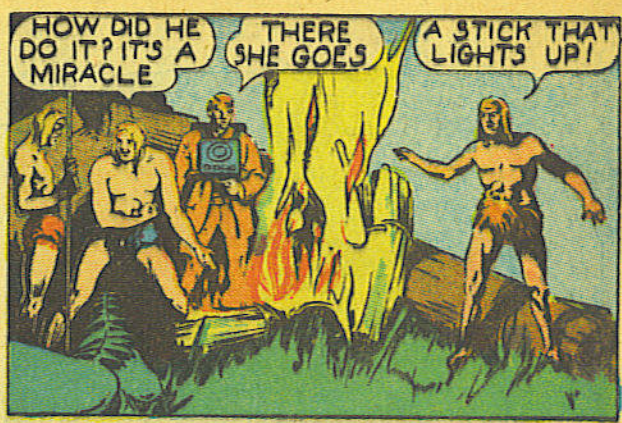
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF A FEW OF THE BEASTS



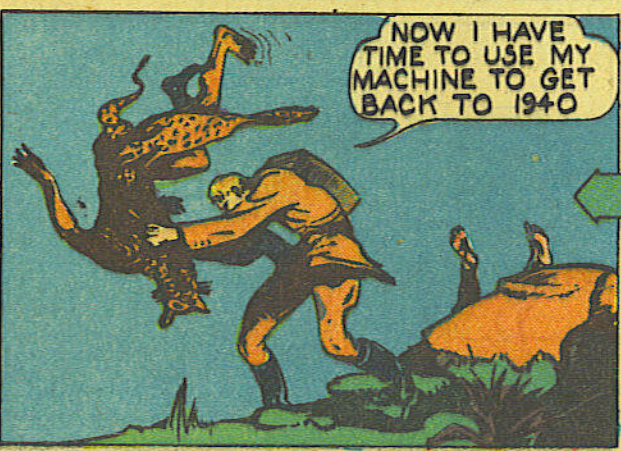
THAT'S A CRUDE BUT POWERFUL WEAPON



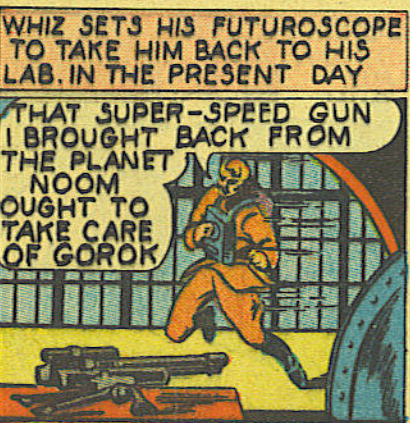
THE CATAPULT MAKES IT'S MARK!



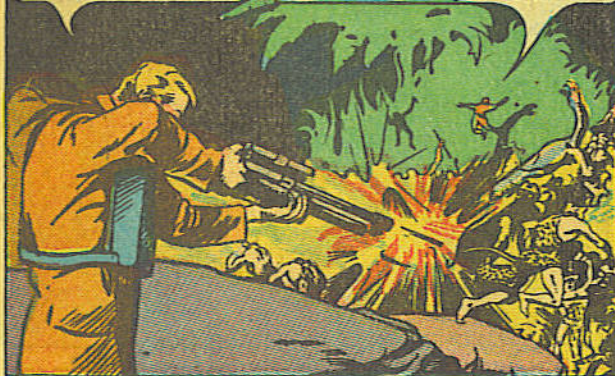
AND IN A FEW MINUTES...



THESE MINI-BOMBS MIGHT COME IN HANDY, TOO NOW TO GET BACK TO THE YEAR 2500



THIS WILL DRIVE THEM OFF. WE'RE BEING SLAUGHTERED. RETREAT



IT'S WHIZ WILSON BACK WITH A FIRE-STICK AND HE'S DRIVEN GOROK AND HIS ARMY BACK.

I GUESS THE BATTLE'S OVER, FOLKS



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE CAVERN PEOPLE, SOME OF GOROK'S MEN HAVE CARRIED OFF PRISONERS

SEE, MASTER, WE MANAGED TO CAPTURE SOME OF THE CAVERN WOMEN

GOOD

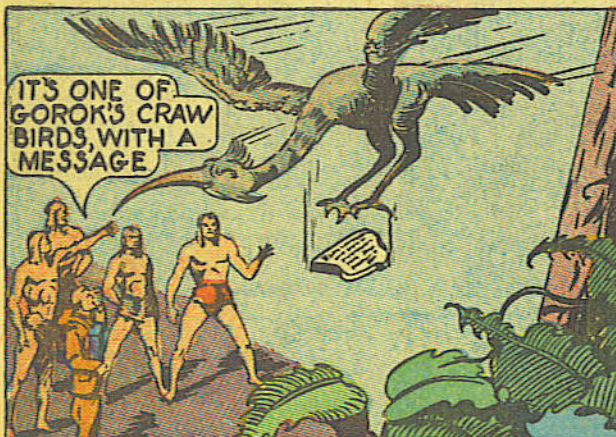


ALF! ALF! GOROK HAS TAKEN YOUR SISTER AND MANY OTHER WOMEN FOLK

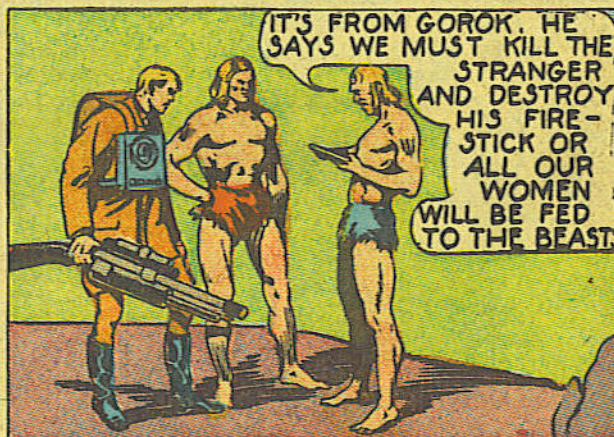
WHAT? THAT'S TERRIBLE



IT'S ONE OF GOROK'S CRAW BIRDS, WITH A MESSAGE



IT'S FROM GOROK. HE SAYS WE MUST KILL THE STRANGER AND DESTROY HIS FIRE-STICK OR ALL OUR WOMEN WILL BE FED TO THE BEASTS



DON'T BE ALARMED. SOMEWAY, I'LL GET YOUR WOMEN BACK AND DESTROY GOROK ONCE AND FOR ALL

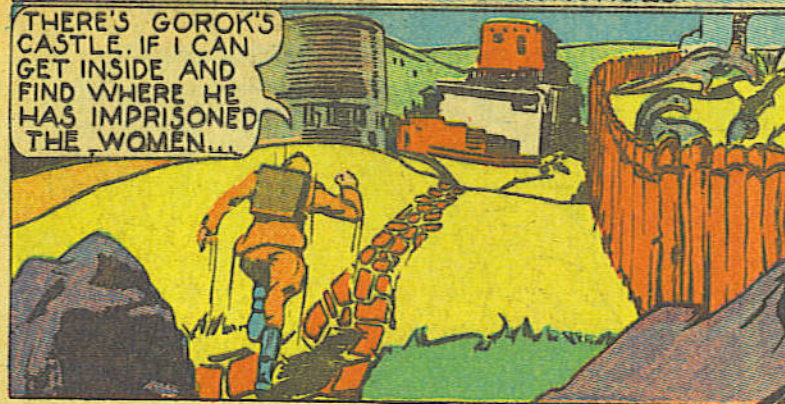


I'LL GO TO GOROK'S STRONGHOLD NOW; BUT I'LL LEAVE THE SPEED GUN WITH THE CAVERN PEOPLE IN CASE I FAIL TO RETURN



WHIZ LANDS NEAR GOROK'S STRONGHOLD

THERE'S GOROK'S CASTLE. IF I CAN GET INSIDE AND FIND WHERE HE HAS IMPRISONED THE WOMEN...



JUST INSIDE

IT WAS EASY ENOUGH GETTING INSIDE, NOW - HEY!



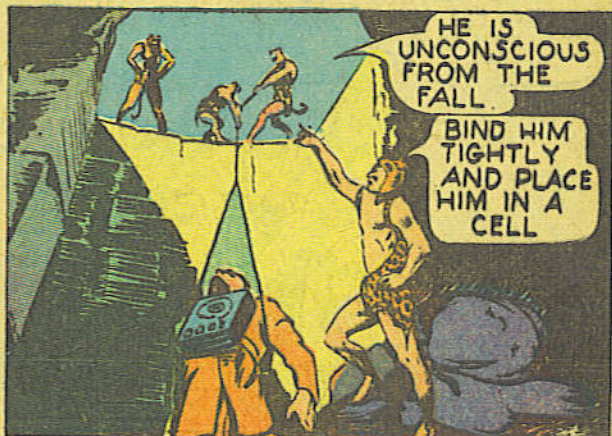
THE STRANGER CAME AS EXPECTED. NOW WE CAN SETTLE WITH HIM FOR SPOILING OUR ATTACK

YES, MASTER



HE IS UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE FALL

BIND HIM TIGHTLY AND PLACE HIM IN A CELL



HELP US

IN AN HOUR YOU WILL BE FED TO THE BEASTS ALONG WITH THESE CAVERN WOMEN

THIS IS A TOUGH SPOT



INTO THE CELL WITH YOU

THANK GOODNESS THEY LEFT MY MACHINE WITH ME



AS SOON AS GOROK'S MEN LEAVE...

I'M GOING AHEAD A HUNDRED YEARS



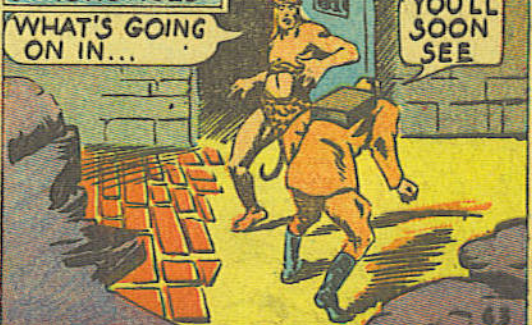
NOW THESE VINE-CORDS ARE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND ROTTED. I'M FREE

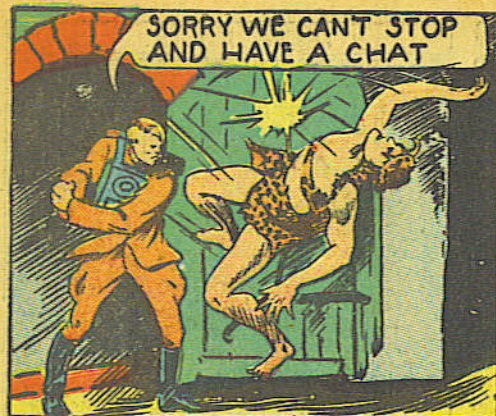


WHIZ THEN SETS HIS MACHINE TO RETURN HIM TO 2500 AND GOROK'S STRONGHOLD

WHAT'S GOING ON IN...

YOU'LL SOON SEE

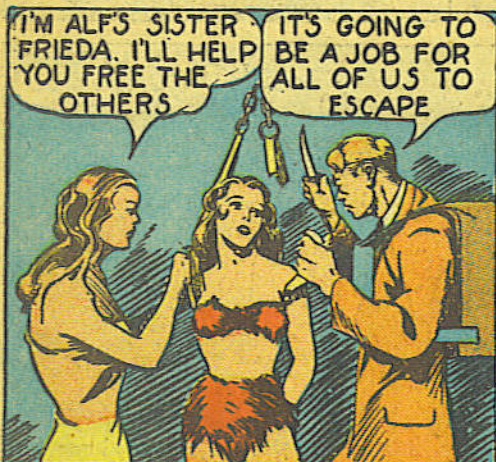




SORRY WE CAN'T STOP
AND HAVE A CHAT



DON'T MAKE ANY SOUND
TO GIVE ME AWAY. I'M
GOING TO SET YOU FREE



I'M ALF'S SISTER
FRIEDA. I'LL HELP
YOU FREE THE
OTHERS

IT'S GOING TO
BE A JOB FOR
ALL OF US TO
ESCAPE



AFTER THE WOMEN ARE FREED, WHIZ
LEADS THEM TO THE EXIT HALL, BUT...

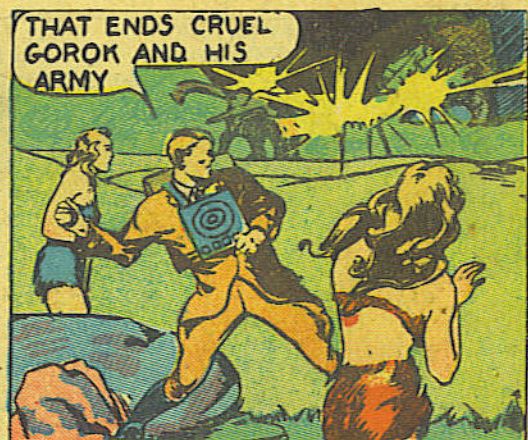
RUN, I
THINK WE
CAN MAKE
THE DOOR
BEFORE
THEY
CATCH US

IT IS THE
STRANGER
ESCAPING
WITH THE
CAVERN
WOMEN,
CATCH THEM



SET THE BEASTS ON
THEM. THEY MUST NOT
GET AWAY

MY BOMBS,
I ALMOST
FORGOT THEM



THAT ENDS CRUEL
GOROK AND HIS
ARMY



WHIZ KILLED GOROK AND ALL
HIS MEN AND BEASTS, ALF

IT'S WHIZ WILSON
HE'S BROUGHT
BACK OUR
WOMEN



NOW YOU ARE FREE TO
START A NEW
CIVILIZATION

THANKS TO
YOU WHIZ
WILSON

ACCOMPANY
WHIZ WILSON
AND HIS
FUTURO-
SCOPE ON
ANOTHER
FANTASTIC
ADVENTURE
INTO THE
FUTURE
IN NEXT MONTH'S
**LIGHTNING
COMICS**